A Christmas Derelict

By Viola Justin

AS THE boat pointed its nose toward the city, the solitary man at the prow turned his back on freedom and gazed longingly at the graystone penitentiary, which seemed to be slipping away from him and growing smaller and cozier as distance lent the enchantment of perspective to his loneliness.

For Mulcahy, dazzled by liberty, was very lonely indeed. Every moment that the water widened between him and the prison it lessened the distance from the city, and in two minutes more the man knew that the metropolis, bristling with antogonism, cold and strange and busy with its holiday season, would be upon him, and it filled his heart with a nameless dread.

But, after all, he had only himself to blame for his liberty. "Good behavior"—that was the thing that had turned him loose from a comfortable home, three square meals a day, and his companions of the quarry.

If he had only transgressed a few laws, broken a simple rule or two, all might have been well. He might have eaten Christmas dinner with Jerry the Spike, Bottles, Hank and the whole happy crew who had contrived to spend another Christmas in the "pen" through trifling indiscretions committed in defiance of the keepers.

These reflections were interrupted by the sharp teeth of the wind snapping at his legs through the thin trousers and the threadbare coat.

He shivered as the boat docked, and then took a long breath as he walked up the gangplank and out into—was this freedom striking terror to his soul? Why was he trembling? He was free at last, but free to do what? Free to kill himself before he starved to death, free to wander the uncompanionable streets and gaze upon the happiness that showed itself in the faces of fugitive passers-by.

He was only free to go anywhere; but these people had their homes to go to, each his separate "penitentiary," where there were warmth and food and human things to talk to.

He shut his eyes for an instant and started bravely up the hilly street that led to First avenue. Then suddenly a strange thing happened. He forgot his misery and his wretched homesickness. At first he couldn't realize what the influence was, then he recognized the soothing and thirst-inspiring smell of hops that poured over him like a hot breath from the brewery on the next street. This prompted a thought which was immediately followed by a sharp movement.

Mulcahy minded him of the faded five-dollar bill he had in his pocket, the last bounty of the good home across the river. He pulled it out and looked at it.

It represented two weeks and a half of life; that is, he calculated that while he was looking for a job it would provide food and shelter for him. If he couldn't find a job—but that thought ended with a look toward the river; and again he saw the "pen." And another thought occurred to him.

If he didn't find anything to do he could go back to the "pen" and beg them to take him in. No, he couldn't do that. He squared his ragged shoulders as if trying to rise superior to the thought, for there was a remnant of pride in Mulcahy, albeit time and a desperate struggle to keep his feet on the globe had frayed its edges.

No, he determined to go back there honorably, as he had left. He might get a job shoveling snow—but alas! it was one of those cheerless Christmases, and nature had not even supplied the people out of work with snow to shovel.

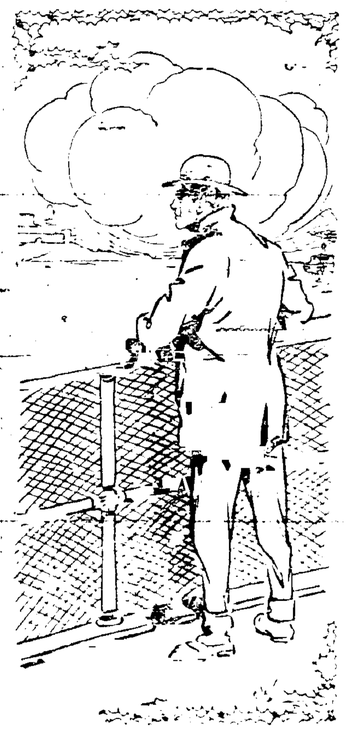
Mulcahy had worked all his life. He was fifty now, and, as he unrolled the long catalogue of calamity which other people might have called his career, he found that the only year of his life that had been a happy one was his last in jail. It had started merrily even, for, after his outraged pride had revolted at the idea of being arrested for his slight connection with the robbery, comfort came swiftly with the thought that he was being punished for omission rather than commission.

These thoughts and the haunting smell of hops brought Mulcahy to Fouth avenue and a saloon. It was twelve o'clock, and corned beef and cabbage-leaf being slated for lunch on a blackboard under a Satyrish-looking bock and a life-sized "schooner," determined the man, and he stepped inside.

The story will move much more rapidly if we do not follow Mulcahy and wait for him to eat his corned beef and philander with a spirit more of his ilk than any he has met for the last year, a spirit that seemed almost fabulous when dreamed of in the "pen"—to-wit, the bartender.

But look where Mulcahy emerges half an hour later, the inner man lulled by the succulent cabbage and beef, but a melancholy gnawing at the outer man, whose clothes are slight protection against the increasing wind.

As the day drew her portals slowly together he fell to trembling again. How was he going to face the night?



Gazed Longingly at the Graystone Pen.

All alone in one of those ten-cent beds which promise so much to a weary body that soon discovers the egg-shell substance of the promise?

He shuddered and hurried down a side street of American-basement houses, with their dainty Boston ferns and yews, pretty windows with costly curtains that sealed happy homes from the profane eyes of the public. And this atmosphere gave Mulcahy hope. The inspiration born of despair took root.

He intended to abandon all thoughts of getting work until warm weather. It was worse than hopeless to think he could get work now—why, the weather, his age, all were against it. He would go back to the "pen" if he had literally to "steal" his way back. The thing to do now was to conjure up some reasonable offense, some trifling transgression that would open the iron gates of the prison, as difficult of entrance as it was of exit, and tide him over the winter months.

But what could he do? Not a single misdemeanor suggested itself to his overwrought brain. If he could only steal something long enough to get arrested and sent to the island! But how? When, and above all where?

Broadway and Thirty-third street, with its triangle of shops, answered that question. It was very late, but he knew that a week before Christmas the shops would be open until late. In the hope that his clothes would contribute their help toward arousing the suspicions of the store detectives, he quickened his steps feverishly.

Inside the shop was warm, brilliant, and jammed with people. The incoming and outgoing crowds jostled and pushed Mulcahy as if he were a rubber-washer between the hub of a wheel and the linch-pin.

Presently he found himself at the notion counter, swept there by the tide of customers. He wondered at the confidence of the storekeepers, who took no trouble to protect their wares set forth in little compartments.

Now he was backed into a little case of tooth-brishes. He felt his fingers close on something; mechanically he placed the thing in his pocket, and then let himself drift along with the crowd.

He had stolen something! Was it a cake of soap—perhaps; but with a sickening sensation of impotence he remembered that one cake of soap might not unlock the iron gate of the "pen."

Mulcahy sighed. Now he was in the jewelry department. It yielded vast possibilities as far as valaubles were concerned, but these were carefully protected by glass cases. True, there were some little trays of gold-filled pins and bracelets scarcely worth the effort of attainment. And yet a handful of these trifles, flagrantly abstracted, might attract the attention of a detective.

Perhaps there were no detectives, after all. This thought smote to him in the act of reaching out a trembling hand toward a delicate gold-filled bangle. Then he paused, and in that moment of hesitation he felt a twitch at his coat, and, turning to face what

"Have You Seen My Mamma?"

he felt must be authority either in plain or blue clothes, he perceived at his side a very pretty little girl.

She was well dressed; and after the first shock he felt on looking into her clear blue eyes, Mulcahy saw a beautiful locket and chain clasped around her neck.

In the mean time she has possessed herself of his coat-pocket as if it were his hand, and clung to him as she asked:

"Have you seen my mama?" Her voice was smothered by the crowd that pressed around her, and Mulcahy had to lift her up in his arms to make himself heard.

"No," he replied, his face close to her pretty neck and ear. "Shall we go and look for her?" he added, touched by the sudden moisture that blurred her eyes.

As he spoke he carried her to the revolving-door. Once out in the street, she told him that she had been shopping with her mother and had got lost. She lived, she said on Fiftieth street, between Madison and Fifth avenue. She didn't know the number, but there were green trees at the door, and it was a white house.

The man assured her that they would find it together.

You musn't think that this escapade diverted Mulcahy from his original scheme. Only he wanted to be of use to the child, and he also saw a much better way of obtaining his arrest and entrance to prison.

The locket and chain he knew would serve his purpose, for he intended stealing them as soon as he had found her home. There were four dollars and ninety cents left from the "pen's" munificence, but he spent enough of it in a candy-store to have provided for himself for two days.

Over a congenial glass of ice cream soda the little girl gave him her name—Violet Van Twiller. The telephone book did the rest in the matter of locating the Van Twiller mansion, whither Violet was escorted by her ragged friend.

Afterward, when Mulcahy left her standing at the door of her home waving at him and smiling in her sweet, frank way, he wondered how he had found it in his heart to steal the necklace, but there it was in his hand, still warm from contact with her throat.

Then he darted away from the street, and, clasping the locket tightly, flew to the first police station and gave himself up.

The judge did not conceal his disgust when he learned that Mulcahy had robbed a child; and when he uttered sternly, "Six months on the island for him," he marveled at the brutality of a man who could smile at the sentence.

II.

Meantime, Violet Van Twiller had been received with the tears and rejoicings of a hysterical and loving family and diligently interrogated concerning the events of the evening.

Over and over again she repeated the story of the "kind, ragged gentleman" who had bought her candy and soda and had found her home for her.

Later, Mr. Van Twiller discovered that Violet had mysteriously lost her locket; but, though he suspected her strange friend, he was so grateful to the "ragged gentleman" that the next day he advertised in all the papers that he wished to reward the person who had restored his daughter to her family.

But Malcahy never learned of this golden apportunity which might have given him a new start in life, though he gave the officer who accompanied him to the island the name and address of the little owner of the necklace, and it was sent to her.

The next day saw Mulcahy safely aboard the Fidelity and headed for the "pen."

At the end of the week he was sitting at the Christmas dinner which had seemed a fantom on that dreadful day he was set at liberty.

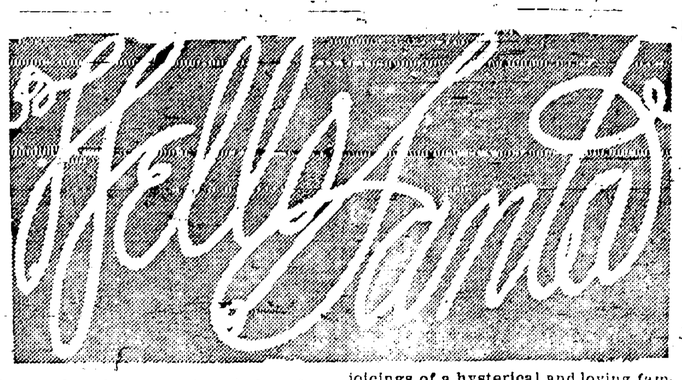
Between mouthfuls of fat turkey and cranberry sauce he boasted to Jerry the Spike, Hank, and Bottles of how he had hoodwinked justice.

When he reported for work, a few days later, the keeper who presided over the men engaged in breaking stone remarked casually to a fellow keeper:

"I see Mulcahy is back on the job."

"Yes," the other replied; "he was liberated a week ago, and now he's back again. I tell you this place is a cinch for those fellows. They're doing life on the installment plant. If you dumped the whole caboodle into the East river and told them to swim to New York, they'd all turn like a lot of rats and squeak to come back to the 'pen.'"

(Copyright.)



TEACHES LESSON OF LOVE

Christmas the Season of All Others Where Its Beauties May Be Learned Anew.

LOVE is the keynote of the Christmas season. The greatest mystery of life is love. Who has not sought to sound its unspeakable depths? Who has not felt its all-compelling power? Who has not surrendered to its irresistible force?

Romances are built about it. Wars have been fought for it and religions based upon it.

Love is the dream of the poet, the puzzle of the philosopher, the theme of the novelist and the song of the minstrel.

Love links all the human race. Its note of victory is heard in the royal court and in the peasant's cottage. The song of love is on the lips of the proudest queen and of her humblest subject.

It is the stimulus of parental affection in the home and of patriotism in the nation. Brave men die for it and noble women perish that they may bear its sweet incense with them to the grave.

How sweet and tender is this splendid attribute of mankind! In its smiling presence, anger, bitterness and strife melt away. How much more has the world to hope for from love than from envy, malice and hatred!

In this period of world-wide distrust, of resentment against economic conditions, of protest against authority, human and divine, and widespread defiance of law, can we not turn aside at this Christmas season for a moment and learn anew the lesson of love?

When we shall have learned that lesson, we shall also know the better and fuller meaning of obedience, contentment and peace.

A YEAR OF PLENTY.

The Christmas tree nod in the breeze;
The candy [illegible] drops.
And folks down [illegible] they'll surely bear
The heaviest [illegible] is.
[illegible] Philadelphia Bulletin.

Christmas-Tide.

"The twelve days of Christmas," embracing the period between Christmas eve, December 24, and Epiphany, of Twelfth Night, January 6, is unknown as Christmastide. Great as the feast of Christmas is, nothing can be definitely traced as to its origin, nobody knows who first celebrated it, or when or where, or how. We find that various communities of Christians kept the day on different dates until about the middle of the fourth century, when Pope Julius established the festival at Rome, on December 25. The holidays of the year are the red letter days of its calendar. Among them all, Christmas is unique, inasmuch as it brings universal joy and good will. Let the nations, therefore, rejoice and be glad in the gift of the world's greatest life.—Jennie Day Haines.

HEART DISPLACED BY ACCIDENT.

Shoved Into Right Side and Wrong Place.

Brockton, Mass.—Keen scientific interest is displayed by Brockton surgeons in the case of Henry Dickerman, a 15 year old boy, whose heart was forced by accident from its normal place to his right side. The boy was practically the sole support of his family.

Several weeks ago Dickerman, who was employed in a factory here, was run over by an ice wagon. His ribs were crushed. The surgeons say that it is probable that the heart will remain on the right side, but that the boy will live in his full strength in time.

IS GROWING BETTER

Each Christmas Sees Nearer Approach to Ideal.

Humanity Affected by Teachings of Him Whose Birth Is Celebrated—Spirit of Helpfulness Prevails Among Men.

EACH year brings the world nearer to the ideal of the Prince of Peace, the ideal of universal brotherhood. Wars may occur from time to time and nations continue to arm themselves, but steadily the thought develops in the minds of men throughout the range of civilization that fighting is a wasteful, senseless, inconclusive method of adjusting differences, and that righteousness and justice can be maintained by other means.

Over nineteen hundred years have passed since Christ was born, bringing the message of peace on earth and good will to men. Before his time the world knew no such doctrine. There was the law of might, and might prevailed. There were rights, but rights were dependent upon the strength of arms and often suffered. The strong arm governed in the affairs of men. The doctrine that Christ preached was one of enlightenment, an appeal to the reason, addressed to the higher self of man. That Christianity spread so rapidly after the first struggling start is proof that men were eager for such a teaching, and that they longed for the opportunity to live their lives placidly and honestly in a spirit of brotherhood.

Those who are discouraged by the occasional outbreaks of strife between nations should take comfort in the thought that there is a steadily increasing sentiment for pacific adjustments, that the essential spirit of Christianity is at work throughout the world to bring men into more reasonable relations, and that in the international as well as the private conditions of life the doctrines that were first preached in Judea nineteen hundred years ago are becoming steadily more dominant.

Christmas day naturally causes a reflection upon the state of humanity as affected by the teachings of him whose birth is celebrated. Men are unquestionably kinder and more thoughtful toward one another now than ever before. There is more charity in the world, and more justice, and more earnest disposition to bring humanity up to a higher level. There is more widespread education as a result of this spirit of helpfulness and there is less suffering. Men are devoting themselves and their lives to the study of the needs of the less fortunate and to the amelioration of their condition. In all lands practical Christianity is working to the end literally of bringing peace on earth and good will to men.

The observances of Christmas are mere tokens of the essential spirit of the day, which is more than the mere twenty-four hours of this particular calendar time, and extends throughout the year. No matter how elaborate or costly the gifts that are exchanged, how beautiful and impressive the services in the churches, how extensive the decorations, Christmas is no more sincerely commemorated than by him who on this day pauses to remember what it means, who pays tribute in his soul to the glorious example of Christ's life and resolves to conduct his own as nearly as possible in imitation of it. It is the personal Christmas celebration that counts, the individual effort to apply to everyday life that which underlies the occasion, that which began at Bethlehem over nineteen centuries ago.

Humorously Worded Rebuke.

Theodore P. Roberts had a fluent command of language both in speaking and writing, and was well liked by everybody. He could secure the attention of a negligent publisher if need be. To one such, who was remiss about sending vouchers, he once closed up a long letter with the sentence: "And, finally, my dear sir, permit me to say that it would be easier for a camel to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a velocipede than for anyone to find a late copy of your paper in the city of New York."

PRESENTS BOUGHT FOR SHOW

Exploiting One's Own Vanity In Bestowal of Gifts Is Poor Policy.

The most miserable Christmas present, the kind that no human being is rich enough to afford, is that which is bought to make a show, to exploit one's own vanity.

When you are tempted to buy a "show off" present, remember that the recipient has some rights. One who understands will be made unhappy by that kind of gift. You know yourself that when you receive a present that represents a great sacrifice on the part of the giver it makes you feel miserable, even when the right spirit is behind it.

The cost in money is about the poorest of measures for any kind of a gift. The thoughtfulness in it, the recognition of a desire for things unasked for, the affection that goes with it, counts for much more. Every Christmas each of us receives a message that means more than the most expensive gift. Yet we forget that sometimes in the perplexing selection of presents for others.—Woman's Home Companion.

DIARY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Peculiar but Pleasing Remembrance Showing Absent Friend Was In Mind of Donor.

On Thanksgiving day a man sat down and began to write to a distant friend. But he wrote only a few lines, and laid it aside. The next day he took up the pen, put down the new date, diary-fashion, and wrote some item of news of interest to them both.

So each day from Thanksgiving till Christmas he added something to the letter, as he would in a diary, ending and mailing it just in time to reach his friend on Christmas morning. At the top he had written this message:

"This is all the gift you get from me this year; but it carries more thought of you and more love, I imagine, than do some more costly ones I am sending. But just put it in your pocket for a dull January day. It will keep."

And this was a letter from a man to a man! Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan still live in our prosaic American business world.—Mother's Magazine.

Cuba's Shells and Sponges.

The value of shells, tortoise and others, gathered in Cuba during the past year amounted to about $75,000, and of sponges $500,000. Of the latter the States received about 35 per cent and Europe the remainder, France being the principal buyer.

Think of it, ladies! You can permanently beautify your complexion with Hill's Sulphur Soap. "Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," black or brown, 50 cents.

NOTED SQUIRREL DEAD

Trolleymen's Pet Crushed as He Tried to Board Car.

Caldwell, N. J.—Sandy, the gray squirrel which had its quarters near the loop where the trolley cars turn and head toward Newark, met an untimely fate here when he was crushed under the wheels of one of the cars and killed. Sandy was well known to all the motormen and conductors on the Bloomfield avenue line of the Public Service Corporation.

It was the squirrel's custom for the last two years to board the cars as they made the run around the loop here, forage in the aisles and seats for stray peanut and chestnut kernels, and then disembark as the end of the look was reached and scamper back to his nest. The cars usually were empty as they went around the loop and Sandy never was molested.

The squirrel became so well known to the trolley men and lost so much of its timidity that it would seat out of their hands. On one occasion Sandy made the return trip to Newark perched on the controller of a car in charge of a kindhearted motorman who was a favorite of the animal. Sandy, however, did not take kindly to the experience and never again essayed the trip. Shortly before noon to-day the squirrel made a dash to board one of the cars as it entered the terminal. The animal missed the open door of the pay-as-you-enter car and landed under the wheels. Sandy was crushed to death before the car could be stopped.

JUST REVERSED.

"I s'pose your husband went to the Christmas dinner dressed to kill."

"No; he was killed to dress."

A Christmas Stocking.

It is not always the gift itself, but the way in which it is presented that commends itself particularly to the recipient. To the girl who thinks she is too old to hang up her stockings, send a pair of silk stockings, using one to fill, and roll up the other and stick it in the foot. The rest of the stocking should be filled with inexpensive trifles—a home-made jabot, tie or collar, a handkerchief, some candy, nuts, raisins, crab apples, a card or a calendar, perhaps some little kindly hints at her hobbies that will amuse her. Each of these articles should be wrapped separately in tissue paper and red ribbons, and the excitement of opening the mysterious small packages will often exceed the pleasure taken in one large gift that would have cost no more than the numerous small ones.

Housebreaker Escapes By Ruse.

Chester, Pa.—Feigning drunkenness, a housebreaker surprised by Samuel C. Talbot as he crawled out of a cellar window at the home of Joseph Davis, managed to escape. Because he seemed drunk Talbot released his grasp on the man and the stranger bolted. The robber was evidently frightened because nothing was missing in the house.

A Jealous Dog.

Montclair, N. J.—Ted, a setter dog belonging to A. J. Sweet at Montclair, became jealous of a new collar bought for his companion, Gyp, and, after snapping Gyp, was whipped.

Ted then slunk to the city pound, closed for the winter, and, jumping the high fence, took possession of a kennel. The owner had to get the Town Clerk to release the animal.

Co-Eds Want Pool Tables.

Madison, Wis.—Some of the co-eds at the University of Wisconsin have requested that pool tables be placed in the Women's Hall, which is generally known among the students as "Eve's Hall."

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

PUT THE EMPHASIS ON THE WORD

FRESH

That's the kind we are sending out to our customers daily

And our line of GROCERIES is FRESH and CHOICE, and our prices—but what's the use—our many customers know that they are ALWAYS RIGHT

Hammond & Hotchkiss

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TERMS, $1.50 Per Year in Advance

FRANK CONEVERY, Editor and Propr.

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Successor to Dr. Frank H. Rose, office over Mathers & March's store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa Feb. 1-07.

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Over Agitator office, Wellsboro, Pa. Samples of Imported and Domestic cloths, of beautiful patterns.

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Diseases of Eye. Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted. Chronic diseases. Office hours. 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Farmers' phone.—Jan. 9, 1913.

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That's what you do when you wear SO-EASY EYE GLASSES fitted by

DR. D. E. ACKLEY, Eye Specialist 25 Crafton St., WELLSBORO.

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Special attention given to mild mental and nervous diseases and all chronic diseases.

Alcohol and All Drug Addictions Cured Speedily and Permanently and Without Suffering. Rupture Cured.

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Facts Worth Knowing

When in need of high-class tailoring: We more than doubled our business last season. Our motto—the best is none too good for our customers, offering only the best of Foreign and Domestic Woolens in exclusive and smart styles, has proven a winner. Owing to the fact that we have no rent to pay, owning our store building, we are in a position to offer high-class tailoring at a price that invites your inspection.

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WELLSBORO, PA.

IN REAR OF THE POSTOFFICE BLOCK

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

of the

NEW YORK WORLD

Pratically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly—No Other Newspaper in the World Gives so Much at so Low a Price.

This is a time of great events and you will want the news accurately and promptly. The Democrats, for the first time in 16 years, will have the Presidency and they will also control both branches of Congress. The political news is sure to be of [illegible] absorbing interest.

There is a great war in the Old World, and you may read of the extinction of the vast Turkish Empire in Europe, just as a few years ago you [illegible] how Spain lost her last foot of soil in America, after having ruled the empire of half the New World.

The World long since established a [illegible] for [illegible], and anybody [illegible] afford its Thrice-a-Week edition [illegible] every [illegible] day in the [illegible] Sunday. It will be of [illegible] value to you now. The [illegible] a Week World also abounds in [illegible] features, serial stories, [illegible] cartoons; in fact, [illegible] that is to be found in a [illegible].

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 [illegible] this pays for 156 papers. [illegible] World and Gazette together for [illegible] The regular [illegible] is $2.00.

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA

FROM THE PLAY OF

BAYARD VEILLER

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Turner, a department store clerk, is sentenced to prison for three years for a theft she did not commit.

Edward Gilder, owner of the department store, consents to see Mary before she goes to prison, expecting her to confess

Mary protests her innocence to Gilder and begs him to pay better wages to his clerks to save them from temptation.

After three years in prison Mary is freed, but the police prevent her holding positions. She jumps into the river to end her life, but is rescued by Joe Garson, a forger.

Mary forms a partnership with Garson and his gang, by which they mulct rich victims in a legal manner, keeping "within the law."

Mary is warned by the police to leave town after she has formed the acquaintance of Richard Gilder, her former employer's son.

Helen Morris, the girl who had committed the theft for which Mary was imprisoned, sees Mary and confesses her guilt.

Mary marries Dick Gilder without his father's knowledge and then refuses to sail for Europe with him

CHAPTER IX.

A Bridegroom Spurned.

"YOU know—Aggie told you—that Cassidy was up here from headquarters. He didn't put a name to it, but I'm on." It was Garson speaking. Mary regarded him inquiringly, and he continued, putting the fact with a certain brutal bluntness after the habit of his class. "I guess you'll have to quit seeing young Gilder. The bulls are wise. His father has made a holler."

"Don't let that worry you, Joe," she said tranquilly. She allowed a few seconds go by, then added as if quite indifferent, "I was married to Dick Gilder this morning." There came a squeal of amazement from Aggie, a start of incredulity from Garson.

"Yes," Mary repeated evenly. "I was married to him this morning. That was my important engagement." she added with a smile toward Aggie.

Aggie sat erect, her baby face alive with worldly glee.

"Oh, gee, what luck!" she exclaimed noisily. "Why, he's a king fish, he is. Gee, but I'm glad you landed him!"

"Thank you," Mary said with a smile that was the result of her sense of humor rather than from any tenderness.

It was then that Garson spoke. He put a question of vital significance

"Do you love him?"

The question caught Mary all unprepared, but she retained her self control sufficiently to make her answer in a voice that to the ordinary ear would have revealed no least tremor.

"No," she said. She offered no explanation, no excuse; merely stated the fact in all its finality.

"Then you won't leave us?" Garson asked. "We're going on as we were before?" The hint of dejection in his manner had vanished. "And you won't live with him?"

"Live with him?" Mary exclaimed emphatically. "Certainly not!"

Garson was still patient in his determination to apprehend just what had come to pass.

"Does he understand the arrangement?" was his question.

"No, not yet." Mary admitted, without sign of embarrassment.

Garson was intently considering another phase of the situation, one suggested perhaps out of his own deeper sentiments.

"He must think a lot of you," he said gravely. "Don't he?"

"I—I suppose so."

Garson spoke very softly, but with an intensity that left no doubt as to the honesty of his purpose

"I'd say throw up the whole game and go to him, if you really care."

There fell a tense silence It was broken by Mary.

"I married him to get even with his father," she said. "That's all there is to it By the way, I expect Dick will be here in a minute or two When he comes just remember not to—enlighten him."

"Mr. Gilder," Fannie announced.

"Any one with him?"

"No, Miss Turner," the maid answered.

"Have him come in," Mary ordered.

Garson made hasty excuses and went out on the heels of the maid. Aggie, however, consulting only her own wishes in the matter, had no thought of flight, and, if the truth be told, Mary was glad of the sustaining presence of another woman. She got up slowly and stood silent while Aggie regarded her curiously A moment later the bridegroom entered He was still clean cut and wholesome. Some sons of wealthy fathers are not after four years' experience of the white lights of town And the lines of his face were firmer, better in every way. It seemed, indeed, that here was some one of a resolute character not to be wasted on the trivial and gross things. He caught Mary in his arms with "Hello, dear!" smothered in the kiss he implanted on her lips

Mary strove vainly to free herself.

"Don't, oh, don't!" she gasped

Dick released his wife and smiled the beatific smile of the newly wed.

"Why not?" he demanded, with a smile.

"Agnes!" It was the sole pretext to which Mary could turn for a momentary relief

The bridegroom faced about and perceived Agnes. He made a formal bow and spoke quietly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lynch, but"—a smile of perfect happiness shone on his face—"you could hardly expect me to see any one but Mary [illegible] the [illegible] We were [illegible]"

Aggie accepted the news with [illegible] excitement.

"Goodness gracious! How perfectly lovely!"

"You bet it's lovely!" Dick declared. He turned to Mary, his face glowing with satisfaction.

"Mary," he said, "I have the honeymoon trip all fixed. The Mauretania sails at 5 in the morning, so we will"—

"Where is your father?" the bride asked, without any trace of emotion.

"O Lord! I had forgotten all about dad. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll send dad a wireless from the ship, then write him from Paris."

"What was your promise? I told you that I wouldn't go with you until you had brought your father to me and he had wished us happiness."

"Mary," Dick said reproachfully, "you are not going to hold me to that promise?"

"I am going to hold you to that promise, Dick."

"All right. You pack up what things you need, girlie—just a few, because they sell clothes in Paris. And meantime I'll run down to dad's office and have him back here in half an hour. You will be all ready, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, I'll be ready. Go and bring your father."

"You bet I will!" Dick cried heartily. He would have taken her in his arms again, but she evaded the caress.

"Just one!" Dick pleaded.

"No," the bride replied with determination

There was silence in the drawing room until the two women heard the closing of the outer door of the apartment. Then, at last. Aggie relieved her pentup emotions in a sigh that was near a groan.

"Oh, gosh!" she gasped. "The poor simp!"

Garson, learning from the maid that Dick Gilder had left, returned just as Mary was glancing over the release with which General Hastings was to be compensated, along with the return of his letters, for his payment of $10,000 to Miss Agnes Lynch.

Mary spoke crisply to Agnes. "And now you must get ready. You are to be at Harris' office with this document at 4 o'clock, and remember that you are to let the lawyer manage everything."

"I don't see the use of all this monkey business," she protested. "All I want is the coin."

"Listen, Agnes. The last time you tried to make a man give up part of his money it resulted in your going to prison for two years."

"But that was so exciting."

"And this way is so safe," Mary rejoined sharply. "Besides, my dear, you would not get the money. My way will. Your way was blackmail. Mine is not. Understand?"

"Oh, sure!" Aggie replied grimly, on her way to the door.

"Mr. Griggs," Fannie announced. There was a smile on the face of the maid, which was explained a minute later, when the visitor was shown into the drawing room, for his presence

"Just one," Dick pleaded.

was of an elegance so extraordinary as to attract attention anywhere—and mirth as well from ribald observers.

Meantime Garson had explained to Mary.

"It's English Eddie. You met him once. I wonder what he wants? Probably got a trick for me. We often used to work together."

"Nothing without my consent," Mary warned.

"Oh, no, no, sure not!" Garson agreed.

Further discussion was cut short by the appearance of English Eddie himself, a tall, handsome man in the early thirties, who paused just within the doorway and delivered to Mary a bow that was the perfection of elegance. Mary made no effort to restrain the smile caused by the costume of Mr. Griggs. Yet there was no violation of the canons of good taste, except in the aggregate. From spats to hat, from walking coat to gloves, everything was perfect of its kind. Only there was an overelaboration, so that the ensemble was flamboyant And the man's manners precisely harmonized with his clothes, whereby the whole effect was emphasized and rendered bizarre. Garson took one amazed look and then rocked with laughter

Griggs regarded his former associate reproachfully for a moment and then grinned in frank sympathy.

"From your costume," Mary suggested, "one might judge that this is purely a social call Is it?"

"Well, not exactly," Griggs answered with a smile

"So I fancied," his hostess replied. "So, sit down, please, and tell us all about it."

English Eddie wasted no time

"Now, look here," he said rapidly. "I've got the greatest game in the world Two years ago a set of Gothic tapestries worth $300,000 and a set of Fragonard panels worth nearly as much more were pinched from a chateau in France and smuggled into this country."

"Are them things really worth that much?" Garson exclaimed.

"Sometimes more," Mary answered. "Morgan has a set of Gothic tapestries worth half a million dollars."

Griggs went on with his account.

"About a month ago the things I was telling you of were hung in the library of a millionaire in this city." He hitched his chair a little closer to the desk and leaned forward, lowering his voice almost to a whisper as he stated his plan

"Let's go after them. They were smuggled, mind you, and no matter what happens he can't squeal. What do you say?"

Garson shot a piercing glance at Mary.

"It's up to her," he said. Griggs regarded Mary eagerly as she sat with eyes downcast.

Mary shook her head decisively. "It's out of our line," she declared.

"I don't see any easier way to get half a million." Griggs said aggressively.

"If it were fifty millions it would make no difference. It's against the law."

"Oh, I know all that, of course," Griggs returned impatiently. "But if you can"—

"My friends and I never do anything that's illegal. Thank you for coming to us, Mr. Griggs, but we can't go in, and there's an end of the matter."

"But wait a minute," English Eddie expostulated. "You see, this chap Gilder is"—

"Gilder?" Mary exclaimed questioningly.

"Yes. You know who he is—the dry goods man."

Mary, however, had regained her self control, and her voice was tranquil again as she replied.

"I know; but, just the same, it's illegal, and I won't touch it. That's all there is to it."

"But half a million!" Griggs exclaimed disconsolately. "There's a stake

"English Eddie" Griggs.

worth playing for. Think of it!" He turned pleadingly to Garson. "Half a million, Joe!"

The telephone rang, and Mary excused herself. The instant she was out of the room Griggs turned to Garson anxiously.

"It's a cinch, Joe," he pleaded. "I've got a plan of the house." He drew a paper from his breast pocket and handed it to the forger, who studied it with intent, avaricious eyes.

"It looks easy," Garson agreed.

"It is easy. What do you say?"

"I promised Mary never to"—

"But a chance like this! Anyhow come around to the back room at Blinkey's tonight and we'll have a talk. Will you?"

"What time?"

"Make it early, say 9."

"I'll come." Garson replied half guiltily. And in the same moment Mary re-entered.

Griggs rose and spoke with an air of regret.

"It's 'follow the leader,'" he said. "and since you are against it that settles it."

CHAPTER X.

Garson's Noiseless Gun.

SOMETHING of what was in his mind was revealed in Garson's first speech after Griggs' going

"That's a mighty big stake he's playing for."

"And a big chance he's taking!" Mary retorted. "No, Joe, we don't want any of that. We'll play a game that's safe and sure."

The words recalled to the forger weird forebodings that had been troubling him throughout the day.

"It's sure enough," he stated, "but is it safe?"

"What do you mean?"

Garson walked to and fro nervously as he answered.

"S'pose the bulls get tired of you putting it over on 'em and try some rough work?"

"Don't worry, Joe. I know a way to stop it."

"Well, so far as that goes, so do I," the forger said, with significant emphasis.

"Just what do you mean by that?" Mary demanded, suspiciously

"For rough work," he said. "I have this." He took a magazine pistol from his pocket It was of an odd shape, with a barrel longer than usual and a bellshaped contrivance attached to the muzzle.

"No, no, Joe," Mary cried. "None of that—ever!"

"Pooh!" The forger exclaimed. "Even if I used it, they would never get on to me. See this?" He pointed at the strange contrivance on the muzzle

"What is it? I have never seen anything like that before."

"Of course you haven't. I'm the first man in the business to get one and I'll bet on it, I keep up with the times." He was revealing that fundamental egotism which is the characteristic of all his kind. "That's one of the new Maxim silencers. With smokeless powder in the cartridges and the silencer on, I can make a shot from my coat pocket, and you wouldn't even know it had been done. And I'm some shot, believe me."

"Impossible!" Mary ejaculated.

"No, it ain't. Here, wait. I'll show you."

"Good gracious, not here!" Mary exclaimed in alarm. "We would have the whole place down on us."

Garson chuckled.

"You just watch that dinky little vase at the table across the room there, Tain't very valuable, is it?"

"No," Mary answered.

In the same instant, while still her eyes were on the vase, it fell in a cascade of shivered glass to the table and floor. She had heard no sound, she saw no smoke. Perhaps, there had been a faintest clicking noise. She stared dumfounded for a few seconds, then turned her bewildered face toward Garson, who was grinning in high enjoyment.

"Neat little thing, ain't it?" the man asked, exultantly.

"Where did you get it?" Mary asked.

"In Boston, last week. And between you and me, Mary, it's the only model, and it sure is a corker."

That night in the back room of Blinkey's English Eddie and Garson sat with their heads close together over a table.

"A chance like this," Griggs was saying, "a chance that will make a fortune for all of us."

"It sounds good," Garson admitted, wistfully.

"Well," urged Griggs, "what do you say?"

"How would we split it?"

"Three ways would be right," Griggs answered. "One to me, one to you and one to be divided up among the others."

Garson brought his fist down on the table with a force that made the glasses jingle.

"You're on," he said, strongly.

"Fine!" Griggs declared, and the two men shook hands. "Now, I'll get"—

"Get nothing!" Garson interrupted. "I'll get my own men. Chicago Red is in town. So is Dacey, with perhaps a couple of others of the right sort. I'll get them and we'll turn the trick tomorrow night."

"That's the stuff," Griggs agreed, greatly pleased.

But a sudden shadow fell on the face of Garson. He bent closer to his companion and spoke with a fierce intensity that brooked no denial.

"She must never know."

Griggs nodded understandingly.

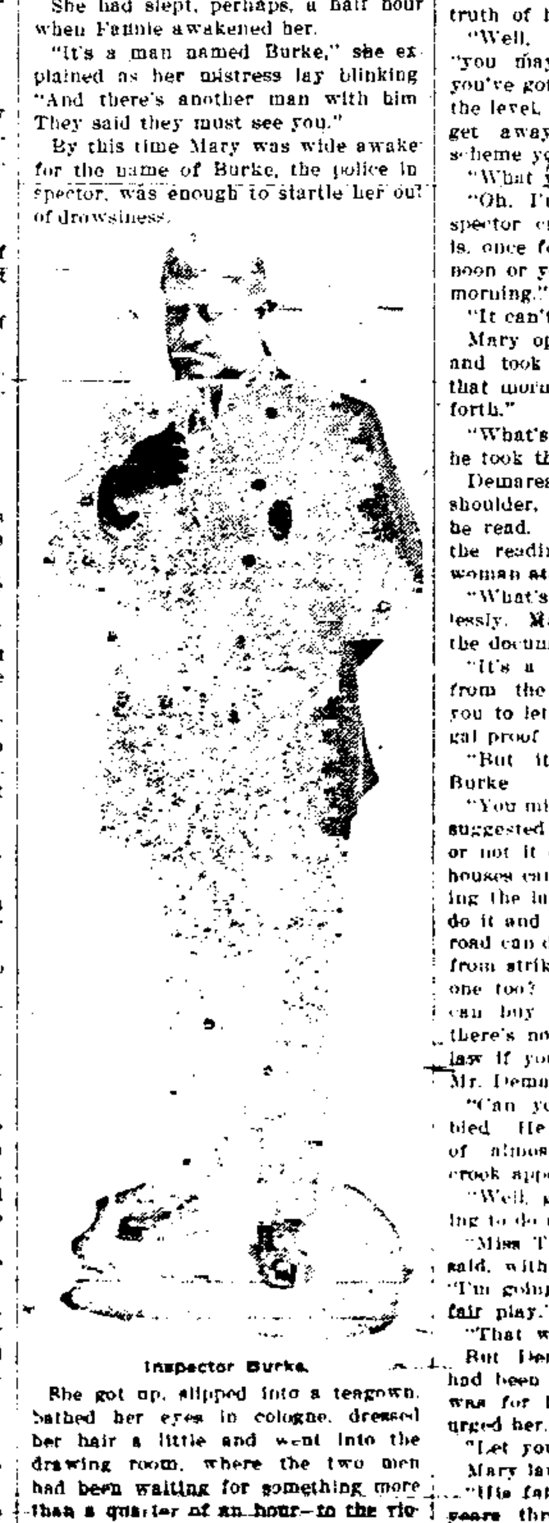
Mary had gone to her bedroom for a nap. She was not in the least surprised that Dick had not yet returned, though he had mentioned half an hour. At the best there were many things that might detain him—his father's absence from the office, difficulties in making arrangements for his projected honeymoon trip abroad—which would never occur—or the like. At the worst there was a chance of finding his father promptly, and of that father as promptly taking steps to prevent the son from ever again seeing the woman who had so indiscreetly married him.

Yet somehow Mary could not believe that her husband would yield to such paternal coercion. Rather, she was sure that he would prove loyal to her whom he loved through every trouble. At the thought a certain wistfulness pervaded her and a poignant regret that this particular man should have been the one chosen of fate to be entangled within her mesh of revenge. There throbbed in her a heart tormenting realization that there were in life possibilities infinitely more splendid than the joy of vengeance. She would not confess the truth even to her inmost soul, but the truth was there and set her atremble with vague fears.

She had slept, perhaps, a half hour when Fannie awakened her.

"It's a man named Burke," she explained as her mistress lay blinking "And there's another man with him They said they must see you."

By this time Mary was wide awake for the name of Burke, the police inspector, was enough to startle her out of drowsiness.



Inspector Burke.

She got up, slipped into a teagown, bathed her eyes in cologne, dressed her hair a little and went into the drawing room, where the two men had been waiting for something more than a quarter of an hour—to the violent indignation of both.

"Oh, here you are at last!" the big burly man cried as she entered

"Yes, inspector," Mary replied pleasantly, as she advanced into the room She gave a glance toward the other visitor, who was of a slenderer form, with a thin, keen face, and recognized him instantly as Demarest, who had taken part against her as the lawyer for the store at the time of her trial, and who was now district attorney. She went to the chair at the desk and seated herself in a leisurely fashion that increased the indignation of the fuming inspector. She did not ask [illegible] to sit.

"To whom do I owe the pleasure of this visit, inspector?" she remarked coolly. It was noticeable that she said, whom and not what, as if she understood perfectly that the influence of some person brought him.

"I have come to have a few quiet words with you," the inspector declared. Mary disregarded him, and turned to the other man.

"How do you do, Mr. Demarest?" she said evenly. "It's four years since we met, and they've made you district attorney since then. Allow me to congratulate you."

Demarest's keen face took on an expression of perplexity.

"I'm puzzled," he confessed. "There is something familiar, somehow, about you, and yet"—

"Can't you guess?" Mary questioned. "Search your memory, Mr. Demarest."

The face of the district attorney lightened.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "you are—it can't be yes—you are the girl, you're the Mary Turner whom I—oh, I know you now."

"I'm the girl you mean, Mr. Demarest, but, for the rest, you don't know me—not at all!"

"Young woman," Burke said, peremptorily, "the Twentieth Century limited leaves Grand Central station at 4 o'clock. It arrives in Chicago at 8:55 tomorrow morning." He pulled a massive gold watch from his waistcoat pocket, glanced at it, thrust it back, and concluded ponderously: "You will just about have time to catch that train."

"Working for the New York Central now?" Mary asked blandly.

"You'd better be packing your trunk," the inspector rumbled.

"But why? I'm not going away."

"On the Twentieth Century limited this afternoon," the inspector declared in a voice of growing wrath.

"Oh, dear, no!"

"I say yes!" The answer was a bellow. "I'm giving you your orders You will either go to Chicago or you'll go up the river."

"If you can convict me. Pray, notice that little word 'if.'"

The district attorney interposed very suavely:

"I did once, I remember."

"But you can't do it again," Mary declared with an assurance that excited the astonishment of the police official.

"How do you know he can't?" he blustered.

"Because if he could be would have had me in prison some time ago."

"Huh!" Burke exclaimed gruffly. "I've seen them go up pretty easy"

"The poor ones—not those that have money. I have money, plenty of money—now."

"Money you stole!" the inspector returned brutally.

"Oh, dear, no!" Mary cried with a fine show of virtuous indignation.

"What about the $20,000 you got on that partnership swindle? I s'pose you didn't steal that!"

"Certainly not," was the ready reply. "The man advertised for a partner in a business sure to bring big and safe returns. We formed a partnership with a capital of $80,000. We paid the money into the bank, and then at once I drew it out. It was legal for me to draw that money—wasn't it, Mr. Demarest?"

The district attorney admitted the truth of her contention.

"Well, anyhow," Burke shouted, "you may stay inside the law, but you've got to get outside the city. Or the level, now, do you think you could get away with that young Gilder scheme you've been planning?"

"What young Gilder scheme?"

"Oh, I'm wise—I'm wise!" the inspector cried roughly. "The answer is, once for all, leave town this afternoon or you'll be in the Tombs in the morning."

"It can't be done, inspector."

Mary opened a drawer of the desk and took out the document obtained that morning from Harris and held it forth."

"What's this?" Burke stormed, but he took the paper.

Demarest looked over the inspector's shoulder, and his eyes grew larger as he read. When he was at an end of the reading he regarded the passive woman at the desk with a new respect.

"What's this?" Burke repeated helplessly. Mary was kind enough to make the document clear to him.

"It's a temporary restraining order from the supreme court instructing you to let me alone until you have legal proof that I have broken the law"

"But it can't be done," shouted Burke

"You might ask Mr. Demarest," Mary suggested pleasantly, "as to whether or not it can be done The gambling houses can do it and so keep on breaking the law. The race track men can do it and laugh at the law. The railroad can do it to restrain its employees from striking. So why shouldn't I get one too? You see, I have money. I can buy all the law I want. And there's nothing you can't do with the law if you have money enough. Ask Mr. Demarest. He knows"

"Can you beat that?" Burke rumbled. He regarded Mary with a stare of almost reverential wonder "A crook appealing to the law!"

"Well, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it?"

"Miss Turner," the district attorney said, with an appearance of sincerity "I'm going to appeal to your sense of fair play."

"That was killed four years ago."

But Demarest persisted Influence had been brought to bear on him It was for her own sake now that he urged her.

"Let young Gilder alone."

Mary laughed again.

"His father sent me away for three years three years for something I didn't do Well, he's got to pay for it"

By this time, Burke, a man of superior intelligence, as one must be to reach such a position of authority, had come to realize that here was a case not to be carried through by blustering, by intimidation, by the rough ruses familiar to the force.

"Don't fool yourself, my girl," he said in his huge voice, which was now modulated to a degree that made it almost unfamiliar to himself. "You can't go through with this. There's always a week link in the chain somewhere. It's up to me to find it, and I will."

"Now," she [illegible] and [illegible] re-spect in the glance she gave the stalwart man. "now you really sound dangerous."

Fannie appeared at the door.

"Mr. Edward Gilder wishes to see you, Miss Turner," she said. "Shall I show him in?"

"Oh, certainly," Mary answered, with an admirable pretense of indifference, while Burke glared at Demarest, and the district attorney appeared ill at ease.

(To Be Continued)

DEAD WATER AND SPEED.

Curious Phenomena Observed by Navigators.

One of the most curious marine phenomena known to seamen is that called by Norwegian sailors "dead water," which without any visible cause makes a vessel lose her speed and refuse to answer her helm. The sailor's only definite knowledge of its origin is that it exists solely where there is a surface layer of fresh water resting upon the salt waters of the sea. Several explanations have been advanced by the captains [illegible] ships of the effect of dead water, the commonest of which is that the two water layers move in different directions. The true explanation, however, recently offered by Swedish navigators and verified by mathematical calculation and direct experiment is that in addition to the "resistance waves" at the surface the vessel creates a second line of subaqueous waves between the two strata of water.

The experiment carried out to demonstrate the truth of this theory was an exceedingly pretty one. A large plate glass tank was first mounted on a wooden frame. The tank was then filled to a certain depth with salt water and a layer of fresh water was carefully poured on to the surface, so that two separate water layers were obtained.

The salt water was blackened with liquid Chinese ink before the water layers were prepared, and in this way the different layers were made clearly visible. A boat model was then towed along the tank and a silhouette of the waves produced was obtained by placing a white screen at a short distance behind the tank. The waves were also photographed by flashlight, and the results showed conclusively that waves actually were set up at the boundary line between the two liquids.

Further experiments were made to verify the sudden loss of speed due to dead water. The boat model was drawn across the tank and the towing string suddenly slackened when the boat was about half way across. In cases where the tank contained salt water only the boat stopped gradually, moving some boat lengths after the towing string had been slackened. When the tank contained a layer of fresh water resting on salt water, on the other hand, the boat slackened speed quite suddenly and moved only a very short distance. These experiments carried out on a small scale prove conclusively that the difficulties encountered within a dead water zone are really due to the resistance experienced by the vessel in generating invisible waves at the fresh water salt water boundary, although in some particular cases the influence of undercurrents must also, doubtless, be taken into account.

Building Walls with Bags.

The practice of constructing breakwaters and submerged parts of piers with concrete inclosed in bags has been largely developed in Scotland. The concrete is prepared as near as possible to the place where it is to be used. It is inclosed in bags to protect it temporarily from the effects of contact with the sea water while it is lowered into place. The bags are placed in a box suspended directly over the spot where they are to lie. The touching a trigger opens the box and allows a bag to drop out. A line of bags having been deposited, the longer axis of each bag in the next series is so arranged that the meeting edges of two of the bags in the lower row will be covered. Thus a regular wall is built up and as the concrete hardens it becomes solid and immovable

Voice Energy.

Doctor Marage recently presented before the Academy of Medicine at Paris the results of an investigation of the amount of work performed by orators and singers. It appears from his experiments that a bass voice, in order to produce the same impression upon the ears of hearers in a hall, requires the performance of from 17 to 18 times more work than is required for a barytone or tenor voice. The bass voice is always at a disadvantage with regard to the amount of work it demands. Thus Doctor Marage finds that whereas men are always more fatigued than women and children by an equal effort of the voice, men with bass voices suffer the most fatigue.

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Lessons in New Dances.—In response to a demand that appears to embrace almost all of the young society people of the country, the North American is going to print, beginning Sunday, December 28, a series of lessons on the society dances of the day. These lessons have been prepared with a view to their practical value. With the illustrations from photographs, the diagram of the steps and the accompanying text it will be an easy matter for the reader to gain knowledge of the dance. Practice will do the rest.

"Within The Law."—It is a rare enough thing nowadays to find a play which has received the universal endorsement of dramatic critics everywhere. It is unprecedented to hear of a play that has received not only the endorsement of men whose business it is to consider a play from a technical viewpoint, but from the prominent laymen who judge a play only by the personal appeal which it makes to them. It is therefore of increased interest to learn that we are to see "Within the Law," a play by Bayard Veiller, which has been commended publicly by such eminent thinkers as Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, the Bishop of Wyoming, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, and which has just concluded a run of more than a year at the Ellinge Theatre, New York City. Manager Dartt has secured this remarkable play, which deals with present-day conditions in the populace and which will be seen at the Auditorium, Monday, Dec. 29th.

"Within The Law."—The minimum wage question and recent agitation thereupon play an important part in "Within the Law," which will be seen at the Auditorium next Monday, Dec. 29. The heroine of Bayard Veiller's melodrama is a poor shop-girl underpaid and underfed, who after serving three years in prison for an offense that she did not commit, and trying vainly to obtain decent employment, becomes the head of a band of "crooks" and with their assistance takes her revenge upon society. As the leader of "Joe Garson" the forger, "English Eddie Griggs" a thief, "Aggie Lynch" an amusing little blackmailer and other confederates, "Mary Turner" obtains enormous sums of money, but manages always to keep "Within the Law." She even hires a lawyer to help her evade wrongdoing which is punishable. It is curious to learn, as one does in this play, that there are many forms of crime which are practically legal. Another interesting feature of the drama is the introduction of a Maxim silencer, which is shown in this play for the first time on any stage. It is a device by which a revolver may be fired without producing a report of any kind. How "Joe Garson" makes use of this formidable gun is a point of pivotal interest in the working out of the plot. "Within the Law" is in four acts and there are more thrills to the situations of each act than were ever before written into one drama by any author.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1913.

New Advertisements.

End Year Sale—Bernkopf's.
Within the Law—A. H. Dartt.
"That Million Dollar Look"—Bernkopf.
Your Future First National Bank.
Proclamation in Divorce.—L. D. Goodspeed, Sheriff.
Be Sure and Join—Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.
Notice to Stockholders—Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

BRIEF HOME LOCALS.

Personal and Other Notes of Interest Gathered in and About Wellsboro.

—Merry Christmas to our readers.

—Mrs. Tom Thumb this afternoon.

—"Within the Law" next Monday evening.

—"Within the Law" next Monday evening.

—Wellsboro hotels will serve elaborate dinners to-day.

—C. F. Clark visited Elmira friends the first of the week.

—Miss Dora Evans, of Newark, N. J., is home for the holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lorah are visiting relatives at Dushore.

—Mrs. H. J. Blighton is spending a week with Buffalo relatives.

—A. M. VanZile, of Osceola, was a business visitor on Tuesday.

[illegible] transacted business in town Saturday.

—Mrs. C. C. Mathers has gone to New York city for the winter months.

—Judge Cameron held court in Coudersport on Friday and Saturday.

—C. H. Ashton, Esq., of Knoxville, transacted legal business here Tuesday.

—Dr. N. W. Mastin visited his son, Dr. Morrell Mastin, in Baltimore, last week.

—We desire to wish our readers, one and all, a happy and prosperous New Year.

—Charles Clark has purchased the transfer coach business from C. E. Bellinger.

—County Commissioner Cleveland has purchased Sheriff Goodspeed's touring car.

—Sheriff-elect Evan P. Rees has appointed Louis P. VanHorn as Deputy Sheriff.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jackson, of Westfield, are visiting friends and relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Matson, of North Woodstock, N. H., are visiting relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Bennett attended the Corning Club ball last Friday evening.

—Earl Bunnell visited relatives in New York city and Newark, N. J., the first of the week.

—Marion Cooper, of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending the holidays with Wellsboro relatives.

—Miss Margaret Niles, a student at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, is home for the holidays.

—Miss Bertha Stalcup entertained her sister, Miss Lulu Stalcup, of Ramseyville, over Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Frazee are spending the holidays with relatives at Baldwinsville, N. Y.

—Miss Dora Wilcox, of Ithaca Conservatory of Music, is at home for the Christmas vacation.

—C. H. Portz, of Lestershire, N. Y., formerly of Morris, was a business caller in town yesterday.

—Over $600 has been paid out by Treasurer Spaulding this year as bounty on noxious animals.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Edwards and daughter, Dorthy, visited Williamsport relatives over Sunday.

—Rev. C. O. Langford will preach his farewell sermon at the Baptist church next Sunday evening.

—Miss Caroline Houston has returned to her home here after an extended visit with college friends.

—Mrs. Edward Fellows is spending the holidays in Buffalo with her daughter, Bernice, and son, Eric.

—Mrs. M. A. Sanders is a holiday guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Morse, of Corning.

—G. Stuempfle, of Williamsport, visited his sister, Mrs. Erieg, at Forest Lawn, a few days last week.

—Mrs. E. E. Hamilton, of Cheswick, Allegheny county, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. P. G. Cameron.

—Mr. and Mrs. George R. Mathers will occupy the Siemens house on Central avenue after January 1st.

—George Stewart, of Harrisburg, is spending the holidays with his grandmother, Mrs. William Stewart.

—Swinton D. Aldrich, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, spent last week in town as the guest of Edwin Matson.

—Merle Bush, of Sedalia, Missouri, is visiting at the home of his father, H. Foster Bush, on Charleston street.

—S. O. Watts, of Lock Haven, formerly of Wellsboro, has purchased a livery and coal business at Jersey Shore.

—Mrs. General Tom Thumb and her company of liliputians will be at the Auditorium this afternoon and evening.

—Mrs. John Doumaux has returned to Rochester, N. Y., after an extended visit with relatives in Wellsboro and vicinity.

—Misses Helen and Vera Davis and Dorothy Clark are home from the Mansfield Normal for the Christmas vacation.

—The Wellsboro public schools closed on Tuesday for the Christmas vacation and will reopen on Monday, January 5th.

—The Odd Fellows Social Club will give two dances during the holidays, one this evening and another New Years eve.

—Miss Helen Swan, who is teaching school at Painted Post, is spending the holidays here with her mother, Mrs. Flora P. Swan.

—Mrs. I. W. Williams has returned to her home in Madison, N. J., after an extended visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Smith.

—In the list of patients discharged from the Williamsport Hospital last week appears the name of Mrs. Anna Fuller, of Wellsboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hartzog and family, of Renovo, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Harriet Hartzog in this borough.

—Messrs. E. A. and F. C. VanValkenburg, of Philadelphia, are spending Christmas day with their parents at Edfred Place.

—Howard VanHorn and Morgan Matson, of Worcester Academy, are spending the Christmas vacation at the home of their parents.

—The greatest success New York city has ever known, "Within the Law," will be produced at the Auditorium next Monday evening.

—Rev. James Houlihan, formerly assistant at St. Peter's church here, has been assigned as chaplain at Fort Myers, near Washington, D. C.

—Miss Maude Townsend, of Delmar, and Aden Van Gorder, of Corning, were recently united in marriage by Rev. J. R. Adams, of that city.

—A large number of Antrim people took advantage of the Saturday excursion to do their shopping in Wellsboro's well stocked stores.

—Miss Rose Fischler, of Rochester, N. Y., is spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Fischler, in Delmar.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lose are spending the holidays at the home of the former's parents, Superintendent and Mrs. Chas. Lose, of Williamsport.

—Cameron A. Robertson, of Peddie Institute, is spending the holidays with his grandparents, Judge and Mrs. David Cameron, on West avenue.

—Robert Roy, who is engaged in the insurance business at DesMoines, Iowa, is spending the holidays at the home of his parents on Central avenue.

—Miss Ada Brooks, of the faculty of the Bolivar High School, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brooks, on East avenue.

—We note that several of our contemporaries are preparing an honor roll composed of paid up subscribers' names, to be published the first of the New Year.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Robertson, of New York city, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Cameron's parents, Judge and Mrs. David Cameron, on West avenue.

—Ernest M. Cameron, who is employed by the Edison Electric Company in New York city, is visiting his parents, Judge and Mrs. David Cameron, in this borough.

—Miss Mary Mastin has accepted a position as teacher of German in the West Pittston high school and expects to assume her duties immediately after the holidays.

—James Snyder, a member of the faculty at Purdue University, is spending the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Snyder, in this borough.

—Mrs. Geo. B. Dusinberre, with her four sons, of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived here Saturday to spend the holidays with her parents, Major and Mrs. George W. Merrick.

—Mrs. Annie Bethel, wife of Wm. Bethel, died last Sunday morning at the Blossburg hospital. The funeral was held at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, Rev. Dr. A. C. Shaw officiating.

—E. B. Pond and his men are at work on a contract providing for new decorations and painting the entire interior of the court house. New electric chandeliers will also be added.

—We were all hoping for a good fall of snow for Christmas but were doomed to disappointment when the heavy snow of Tuesday morning turned to rain, making the going very disagreeable.

—The United States Senate has confirmed the appointment of Rogers L. Burnett to the position of U. S. Attorney for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, to succeed Hon. A. B. Dunsmore.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peter G. Cameron have returned to their home here after a stay of several months in Pittsburg where Mr. Cameron was engaged on special assignments from the State Banking Department.

—H. F. Ames, local editor of the Towanda Reporter Journal, and Mr. and Mrs. William Suhr, the former a linotype operator on the same newspaper, are spending a few days with relatives and friends in this borough.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Donaldson are in Williamsport visiting their sons, Drs. John and Harry Donaldson. They expect to leave in a short time for Oakland, California, where they will make an extended stay with their daughter, Mrs. B. G. Ensign.

—H. E. Bodine, of Clearfield, formerly of this borough, has resigned his position as Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in that city to accept a more lucrative position in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

—Stephen Boyce, aged 17 years, was the victim of a painful accident at the Helvetia Company plant last Thursday, when in some manner his left hand became caught in the "crimper" and was so bruised that amputation of the first and second fingers was necessary.

—Miss Elizabeth Riberolle, of the faculty of Corning Free Academy, is spending the Christmas vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Riberolle, on Main street.

beth Wolmedorf, in this boro, over Shore, visited his sister, Miss Elizabeth Womeldorf, in this boro, over Sunday.

—Paul Edwards, of the law firm of Dunsmore & Edwards, underwent a surgical operation at Medico-chi Hospital in Philadelphia on Monday. The many friends of Mr. Edwards will be glad to learn that word has been received here that the operation was entirely successful and that the patient is rapidly convalescing.

—A cablegram from Brazil announces the marriage December 19th, at San Paulo, Brazil, of Miss Jessie Louise Hoare, a sister of John Hoare, of this borough, to Charles D. Champlin, formerly of Hammondsport, N. Y., the Brazil representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Dengle, of Patton, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Alwilda M. Dengle, to Luther Bennett, of Johnstown. The wedding will take place in February. Miss Dengle has many friends in Wellsboro, where she has frequently visited her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Snyder.

—During the past week our people have had an opportunity of realizing as never before the advantages of the Parcels Post and of comparing its rates with those of express companies. Postmaster Champaign and his force are to be congratulated on the expeditious manner in which the unusually heavy deliveries were made.

—Mrs. General Tom Thumb, now Countess Magri, Count Magri, Baron Magri, the Royal Liliputians, Princess Chinquilla, Major Newell and the Bijou Comedy Co., of 14 people in vaudeville, drama and musical comedy will be the attraction at the Auditorium the last three days this week, opening with a special matinee on Christmas day.

—Mrs. John Hastings, of Stony Fork, generously offered to contribute $300 to the Baptist church in this borough, toward liquidating the $600 church debt, providing the members would raise the additional $300 on or before Christmas day. The Baptists, accordingly, got busy and had procured the required amount on Tuesday morning, thus securing their magnificent Christmas present.

—The survivors of Company E, of the Bucktails, and Company H, of the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Drainsville with a banquet at the Coles House last Saturday night. Eleven members of the two companies, together with some of our prominent citizens and their wives, were present to partake of the banquet and enjoy the flow of wit and wisdom.

—The many friends and admirers in Wellsboro of Judge Ben B. Lindsey will be surprised to learn that this supposedly confirmed bachelor has set his reputation in this regard at naught by joining the ranks of the benedicts. He was married in Chicago, December 20th, to Miss Henrietta Brevoort, following a courtship begun while the Judge was lecturing in Detroit which was Mrs. Lindsey's home.

—Santa Clause arrived at the Bernkopf department store at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon. On account of the absence of snow he was obliged to travel by rail and had notified Ivan Bernkopf to meet him at the station on the arrival of the 3:46 train from the south. Accordingly the Bernkopf car was on hand to transport the distinguished visitor up town, surrounded by hundreds of children who thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

—Mrs. Jerusha B. Boyden, of Grand Haven, Michigan, a cousin of Mrs. David Cameron's, died at her home in that city last week at the age of 67 years. She was a daughter of Richard Mitchell who was one of the early settlers of Tioga township and a very extensive landholder. Mr. Boyden, who died nearly a year ago, will be remembered by some of our older citizens as manager of the company store at Morris Run during the early seventies.

The Late Miss Matilda Conevery.

Miss Matilda Conevery, sister of Frank Conevery, of this borough, died at her home in Bath, N. Y., last Friday evening, following a stroke of paralysis which she sustained the previous Monday morning. She was 65 years of age. In speaking of her death a Bath correspondent says:

"The death of Miss Conevery removes one of the well-known women of this village, where nearly all of her life of sixty odd years was passed. Miss Conevery for a long term of years conducted a boarding house on East William street, and was well-known, commanding the esteem of the community. Her survivors are two brothers James, of Elmira, and Frank, editor of the Wellsboro Gazette. She was a devout member of St. Mary's Catholic church.

"The funeral was held at St. Mary's church Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock, Rev. Philip Golding officiating."

New Water Contract.

As stated in our report of Council proceedings in a recent issue, a committee from the Council was appointed to confer with the officials of the Water Company for the purpose of securing a new contract for fire protection.

It has been thought by many that the water rentals are altogether too high and out of proportion to that paid by citizens of other towns for like service. It is also urged that there are few towns the size of Wellsboro that pay so little for fire protection. Therefore it has been proposed, if the Water Company is to maintain the same income in the aggregate, that the amount the boro pays for fire protection be increased materially and that a corresponding decrease be made to the individual consumers.

As a reason for this it is urged that a property owner who leases his property pays but an infinitesimal portion of the amount charged for fire protection while the tenant who must pay the water rent pays not only for the water he consumes but in reality he pays his landlord's share for fire protection.

It appears to us that the proposal noted above is a very reasonable one and one making a much more equable distribution of the water tax than is possible under the old contract.

—John White, until recently an employe in the local State Highway office, has returned to his home in Williamsport.

The Fact Remains

No amount of misrepresentation by the peddlers of alum baking powders, no juggling with chemicals, or pretended analysis, or cooked-up certificates, or falsehoods of any kind, can change the fact that

Royal Baking Powder has been found by the official examinations to be of the highest leavening efficiency, free from alum, and of absolute purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for making finest and most economical food.

Home for Holidays.

The following college students are home for the annual holiday vacation: Misses Margaret Niles, Drexel Institute and Cora Owlett, of Goucher College. Messrs Francis Bodine, William White, Mortimer Kentch, Homer Yahn and Francis Eaton, all of Philadelphia; Edward Eaton and Edward Wilfong, of State College; Morgan Matson and Howard VanHorn, of Worcester Academy; Hugh Houser and Levi Shattuck, Bucknell; Mason Owlett, Princeton and Cameron A. Robertson, Peddie Institute.

—Old newspapers for sale at this office. Fifty for 5 cents.

BE SURE AND JOIN

THE

Christmas Savings Club

Which Will Open Dec. 29th

Classes for everybody. You can join one or all the classes and this will provide money for a joyful Christmas in 1914.

A Sure and Easy Way to Provide Your Christmas Money for Next Year

The members of the 1913 Club were so pleased with it that all expect to join again for the coming year.

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

"That Million Dollar Look"

Go and See This Wonderful Photo-Play To Appear at Pastime Theater, Monday and Tuesday Nights, Dec. 29 and 30

AT OUR OWN private and personal expense, we have brought to this town one of the greatest picture-plays that has ever been produced.

For years we have been waiting and hoping for some book, or play or sermon that would make clear the powerful lesson that this picture shows. It is a lesson that means greater success,—business success, social success, personal success to every man who will take it home to himself—and apply it in his daily living.

We brought this picture to The Pastime because we believe that every red-corpuscled American man who sees it can reap a profit from it—and become a bigger man through it—and we want to do our share to get it before as many folks right here at home as we can. It's helped us—we want you to enjoy its help too.

We are not going to spoil your enjoyment, your "thrill" and your excitement by telling you here what the story is. Wait and enjoy the surprise for yourself.

We are simply going to go on record with the statement that it will grip you from the first exposure to the last scene—and make you say a hundred times "Why wasn't this picture ever thought of before?"

Men have lost untold opportunities; have sacrificed dearest ambitions; have handicapped the hopes of years, purely and solely through a lack of the knowledge that this picture vividly and dramatically imparts.

Men have euchred themselves out of big business gains, have closed the doors to countless success chances, have defeated themselves, not only in business, but in politics, in society—YES, EVEN IN LOVE—because they never studied and mastered the lesson that this picture makes clear to them.

If you want to play the game of success skillfully and victoriously; if you want to be a dominating factor in life's power circles—

Then Don't Fail to See "That Million Dollar Look" at the Pastime Theater, Monday and Tuesday Nights, Dec. 29th and 30th. First Performance Monday Night Commences at 7:00

It pays to trade at Bernkopf's

Authorized Resident Dealers

THE ROYAL TAILORS

CHICAGO — NEW YORK

The Gazette.
WELLSBORO, PA.

FRANK CONEVERY, - Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1913.

Pennsylvania is a State of such wonderfully diversified industries, especially in its manufactures and production of mineral wealth, that we are possibilities. A reminder of how great these are comes in the form of the Department of Agriculture's estimate of winter wheat acreage, which shows that Pennsylvania stands eighth among the 10 States whose acreage exceeds 1,000,000.

The hundreds of thousands of money orders, calling for many millions of dollars, sent abroad as Christmas gifts by foreign-born residents do not bear out the G. O. P. protestations of widespread distress and idleness. From New York alone there have been mailed nearly 500,000 such orders, or over 68,000 more than last December, calling for nearly $8,000,000, or $1,250,000 more than last year. Doubtless all the rest of the country has the same tale to tell.

Preliminary to the discussion of any definite plan of Government ownership and operation of the telephone and telegraph systems of the country as recommended by Postmaster General Burleson, must come the inquiry whether the acquisition and management of these vast properties would accord with a wise and prudent public policy. We are not confronted by a theory, but by a matter-of-fact actuality. The concern of the public is to get satisfactory service at reasonable cost; and, if these be obtainable through the regulative activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Public Utility Commissions of the States, it matters little who owns the properties.

Congratulations are due the nation over the final passage of the Currency bill by the Senate. The measure passed will not meet all expectations; it would be impossible for any law framed by mere men to do this. The bill was pronounced 80 per cent. good by a competent hostile critic, and that is about as near perfection as it is possible to get by human effort alone. Another more friendly critic—like the one just referred to, a banker—saw 82½ per cent. of good in the measure and since this utterance it has undergone amendments, by which it has possibly been improved. It may be bettered still more in conference, and the attainment of 90 per cent. perfection is not beyond the bounds of probability. By effecting long-demanded reforms in our banking and currency system the Democratic party will have earned praise not only for doing so well what had to be done, but for daring to do it. The currency question has been before the country for 40 years, and in all that time the Republicans have not found in themselves the courage to perform the task.—Philadelphia Record.

Dispatches from Chicago, which state that the number of men out of employment there and in other cities is no greater this winter than in preceding years, are a striking commentary on the truthfulness of Congressman Mann's recent "calamity yawp" in the House of Representatives. From his remarks one would have imagined that at least half of Chicago's workers were out of jobs and starving in the streets. Any one at all familiar with the life of large American cities knows that in winter they attract many thousands of men who do not work at all, such as tramps, or whose work is of a kind that cannot be followed in cold weather. These are to be found in great numbers in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other communities. It should be needless to say their idleness has no connection with the Wilson Administration or the Underwood tariff. For Republican purposes, however, these unemployed will figure as the sad victims of Democratic alleged incapacity. When they disappear in the spring some other yarn will be devised to keep this stale old lie on its travels.—Philadelphia Record.

DISTRESSED REPUBLICANS.

The Republican National Committee has been judicious in deciding not to call a special convention next year. It's easier to call a convention than it is to do anything with it after you've got it. A regular convention is slightly restricted by the need of considering the main chance, which is the nomination of a President, but a special convention, with no heavy duty of this sort to chasten its emotions and temper its zeal, would degenerate into a mere gabfest, at which exacerbated feelings would become still further irritated and inflamed, and in which the minority could not be placated by the offer of the second place on the ticket, or held in control by the imperative party necessity of [illegible] the ticket.

The National Committee, however, did not quite have the courage of its convictions. It recognized the danger of a convention. It proposed to change the basis of representation, and thus make the party a Northern and a White Man's party, but it draws back from making its decisions final. It is afraid of the rank and file of the party, and proposes to submit this and some other changes, such as the adoption of State laws, where these affect the choice of delegates, to a [illegible] of the voters. "This is [illegible]," says the Philadelphia Record, [illegible] the voters [illegible] up in one hall, and [illegible] But it's going to arouse bitter feeling and animosity among the Republican voters. The more peaceful way of making the change would have been to assume the power of making it final, leaving those who do not like it to swear at an accomplished fact in privacy.

"But the change itself is likely to wreck the G. O. P., however it may be accomplished. When the Republican party has confessed itself sectional, and frankly thrown the negro overboard, what will there be left of it? The tariff was getting to be too heavy five years ago, as is shown by the suggestion of tariff revision in the Republican platform of 1908. We see nothing for the Republicans but to dissolve, those who are safe and sane joining the Democratic party, and the irreconcilables nominating whom they please, and quadrennially standing up to be counted."

WATER COMPANY CONTRACT

Borough Council Refused to Grant Increased Rate for Fire Protection.

At the regular meeting of the Council on Monday evening Burgess Hart and Councilmen Deans, Miller, Packer, Potter and Sherwood were present. William Bache, representing the Water Company, and S. F. Channell, Esq., borough counsel, were also present.

The matter of a new contract with the Water Company was brought up and discussed. Mr. Bache stated the position of the Water Company and asked the Council to give the company $3,000 per year in place of the $1,200 now paid, for water for the hydrants for fire protection.

He stated further that if this extra $1,800 was paid from general taxation it would enable his company possibly to lower somewhat the schedule of rates to the private water consumers; that the company during the past ten years had put in some fifteen thousand feet of new iron pipes in extending their lines in the different parts of the town to additional water takers; that the cost to the company in furnishing extra large pipe, hydrants, etc., for fire protection in the town over and above what the plant would have cost to furnish water to private consumers only, was about twenty-five thousand dollars, according to his computation, and for fire protection furnished by the company.

The members of the Council on behalf of the borough made reply that while there are 650 watertakers there are 1,160 taxables in the borough, and that to shift this extra $1,800 burden upon the taxpayers would necessitate adding two mills to the tax levy of the borough, making the borough levy 15 mills in place of 13 as heretofore; that the borough under the old contract had at their own expense put in 277 extra fire hydrants, and that, leaving out of consideration the very valuable franchise of the borough streets for laying of the water pipes of the company to private consumers, for which the company never paid anything, they are getting from the borough under the old contract practically five per cent. on the extra money they claim their plant cost them to furnish the borough fire protection over and above what it would have cost them to furnish water to the private consumers only.

The additional mains put in by the Water Company under the old contract are paying a fair return upon the investment from private water takers.

The Council asked the Water Company to open their books and let it be seen what their financial condition is, so as to judge what a fair compensation from the borough would figure out, but the company declined to open its books to the Council, stating that if the matter went to the Public Service Commission for final determination they would open their books to the commission.

The Council finally passed a resolution offering to enter into a ten year contract with the company under the same terms and conditions as the contract now expiring.

A petition was presented numerously signed asking that George Day be reinstated on the brick pavement as "white wing." No action was taken.

The Council then ordered the bills paid and adjourned to meet at the call of the Burgess.

Local Notes From Keeneyville.

Keeneyville, Dec. 24. The Ladies Aid held in the M. E. church last Thursday raised $4 to help on the minister's salary.

Edwin Bass has gone to Stafford, N. Y., to preach in the M. E. church. His sister, who came from England last fall, will be his housekeeper.

The weekly prayer meeting was well attended, there being five ministers present.

Bad colds are prevalent in this locality at present.

Nathan French began his duties as clerk in Close's store on Monday. He will move his family here in the spring.

The infant child of Elmer Chestnut, who has been ill for some time, is convalescing.

Mrs. Fannie Goodwin is seriously ill.

Rev. Barrum, of Corning, and Rev. Potter are soon to begin revival meetings in the M. E. church.

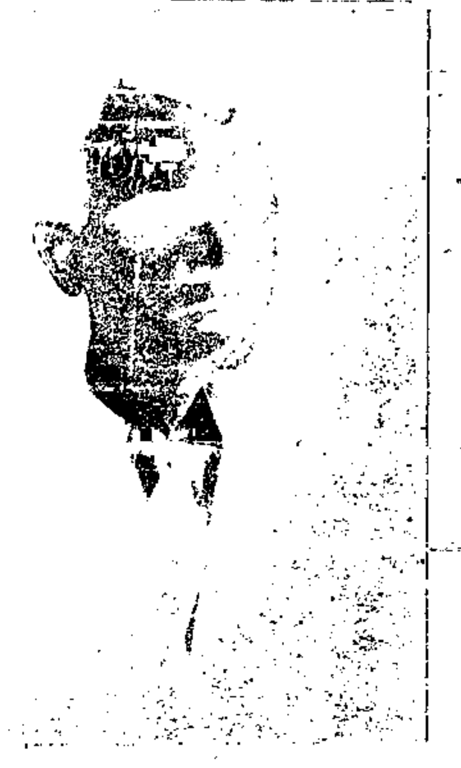
Mrs. Benjamin Owlett and Mrs. Gilbert Owlett are spending the holidays with relatives in Elmira.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Two clever book agents, supposed to have come from Elmira, have been operating in Millerton, Elkland and other Cowanesque valley towns.

According to the plan worked each subscriber to the books gets two years medical consultation free, the swindlers alleging that they have a specialist in Elmira with whom they have made arrangements to treat all their patients. The agents also give health lectures and claim they are paid by the State Health Department. The books sell for $15 per set, (to those foolish enough to bite) and in addition the purchaser gets two years prescriptions to be given by the specialist, Dr. Dann, of Elmira.

Needless to say there is no such [illegible] the books are not worth the [illegible] they are printed on.



REV. CLAUDE G. LANGFORD
Who will preach his farewell sermon at the First Baptist church next Sunday evening.

CHARGED WITH ARSON.

Fifty Per Cent of Fires Said to Be Due to Over Insurance.

W. H. Hubbard, proprietor of the Reynolds Hotel that was burned in Gold, Potter county, on November 30th, and whose barn was burned two days later, was, with his son, Ansel, arraigned before a Justice of the Peace in Coudersport, recently charged with having set fire to the buildings for the purpose of gaining the insurance.

The arrest was made on complaint of L. H. Ledden, State fire marshal, of Harrisburg, who become suspicious of the accused by reason of the fact that there had been a series of four fires all within a year, the first at Troupsburg, N. Y., last spring, the two fires at Gold following in succession that of a fire at Brookfield wherein the Hubbards had an insurance of $800 on some logs that were burned October 30th, just one month previous to the destruction of the Gold hotel.

Considerable evidence was adduced of a nature which convinced the Justice that a grand jury should inquire into the facts and, accordingly, he held the pair for court.

Whether Mr. Hubbard and son or either of them had any connection with or knowledge concerning the origin of the fires remains yet to be ascertained. We do not claim to know. We have simply stated some facts and some things which are being currently reported. The State Fire Marshal does not hesitate to say that about 50 per cent. of the fires in the northern tier of counties is due to over insurance, and some of the figures quoted above would indicate that some of the property had been insured at far too high a value. Mr. Ledden is positive that there is an organized band of firebugs in northern Pennsylvania and southern New York and it is probable that the departments of the two states will unite in an effort to locate the guilty parties whoever they may be. In the meantime one of the greatest helps to decreasing fires, according to the fire marshal' idea, is for insurance companies to be more strict with their agents and limit the amount of insurance. This has been done already by some companies, but it seems that more caution is needed.

Balsam News.

Balsam, Dec. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, of Chester, Pa., spent last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Steele in this place.

Harold Munroe is suffering with a severe attack of pleural pneumonia.

E. E. Benjamin spent Thursday and Friday of last week in Mansfield as one of the members of the Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Heath spent last Tuesday in Whitneyville.

John Kiouse suffered a severe attack of asthma last week. At this writing he is somewhat improved.

Lena Quimby has been presented with an organ as a Xmas gift from her parents.

Mrs. Chas. Hawley and two children, of Wellsboro, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wetherbee [illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] of West Branch, were Sunday guests at the home of W. F. Dale.

The Grangers at [illegible] held a dance in the hall last Friday evening, a large crowd being present and a fine time reported.

Mr. Harry Willard and Miss Gladys Steele, of Stony Fork, were married in Corning, Dec. 1[illegible]. They were serenaded upon their return home.

Lived and Died on Adjoining Farms.

On Thursday, December 11th, James W. Burrell died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mittie Rice, near Little Marsh, where he had gone for a few days visit. He was eighty years of age and had spent his entire life on his farm in Westfield township.

On the day following Mr. Burrell's death Lucius R. Garner, aged seventy years, died on his farm which joins that of Mr. Burrell and upon which he had spent his entire life.

These two old neighbors had spent their childhood, their school days and active business days on these adjoining farms, which will stand to show the future generation the marks of their industry. Each leaves a son to take up the work left by the father and carry it on and down to their final call, then turn it over to the future sons of toil.

It is indeed remarkable to find two men who have been close companions for seventy years, living their lives on adjoining farms and not even being separated by death.

—The North American and the Wellsboro Gazette both one year for $4.00.

MORRIS PENSIONS.

Two Cases of Scarlet Fever—Students Home for Vacation.

Morris, Dec. 24. School closed on Wednesday last, two days before the regular vacation on account of two cases of scarlet fever.

Miss Betty Kline is spending the holidays with relatives in Binghamton.

Miss Rena White went to Elkland on Saturday to spend her vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Eick.

Miss Mannette Welliver, of the Bloomsburg Normal and Raymond Stone, of the Pennsylvania Military College, are home for the holidays.

Miss Ianthe Jones and brother, Walter Jones, of Elmira, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Jones.

C. H. Portz and James Walters, of Fredicott, are guests at the home of Peter Kline and family.

Miss Katherine Miller spent a few days in Williamsport the past week.

John Truman, of Wellsboro, was a business caller [illegible] Saturday.

Rev. D. W. Kerr, of Williamsport, expects to hold [illegible] in the M. E. church, beginning Christmas night.

Robert Emmick, of Endicott, is spending the holidays here with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Hart and family, of Stony Fork, spent Sunday with Peter Kline and family.

Little Marsh Personals.

Little Marsh, Dec. 24.—Ezra Ames, of Elmira, is here for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, of Whitesville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Hurphy a few days last week.

County Commissioner Cooper was a Sunday guest at the home of Joe Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, of Elmira, are [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]

Harry [illegible] and Neil Gleason were [illegible] Monday.

[illegible] friends and relatives of [illegible] assembled at their home [illegible] in honor of his [illegible] birthday. An enjoyable [illegible] by all.

[illegible] of Troy, receiver [illegible] Keystone Guard, of Towanda, has brought suit against [illegible] National Bank, of New York, for $[illegible],000, the amount that [illegible] furnished for the Guard [illegible]

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Recent Changes in Ownership of Tioga County Property.

Tioga township—John Clearon, ex of, to Theodore Smith; 15⅞ acres, $1,000.

Tioga township—Theodore Smith and wife to Beatrice Fisher; 15⅞ acres, $2,000.

Blossburg—Percy H. Jackson and wife to Charles Ernest Rauscher; lot, $1,550.

Ward—Mort Williams and wife to Harry Brown; 160 acres, $1.

Deerfield—Henry C. Jackson and wife to Harry Wright; 14 acres, $165.

Wellsboro—Jeremiah Klock to Clara E. Kimball; 1 acre, $5.

Wellsboro—Clara E. Kimball to Russel A. Ely; 1 acre, $1,700.

Sullivan—Elvira Smith to H. D. Tice; 102 acres, $2,000.

Shippen—E. D. Fisher and wife to Henry S. Fisher; 85.8 acres, $1.

Wellsboro—Caroline Dillon to Oliver L. White; lot, $1.

Jackson—James G. Hamilton, et al., to Lee Everitt; 38 acres, $200.

Jackson—Estella E. Everett and husband to Leigh Everett; 93.9 acres, $900.

Westfield township—Freeman Clark and wife to Satilla Cox; 2 acres, $400.

Westfield borough—Belle Strang et al., to Westfield Borough School District; 1.47 acres, $367.50.

Westfield twp.—John W. Smith and wife to Darwin Brown; 169 acres, $600.

Tioga township—David Thomas Smith and wife to Cassius Earl Cummings; 112.9 acres, $1,050.

Wellsboro—Oliver L. White and wife to Caroline Dillon; lot, $1.

Lawrenceville—Charlotte H. Merchant and husband, et al., to Ray E. Baker; lot, $1.

Farmington—Oliver B. Blanchard and wife, et al., to Oliver S. Blanchard; 40 acres, $1,000.

Richmond—Charles S. Ross to Henry Warters; 102 acres, $1,200.

Delmar—Ira C. Wilson to Charles L. Wilson; 220 acres, $1.

Tioga township—Nicholas Rieger, Admr. of to Lafayette Farr; 2¾ acres, $425.

Blossburg—James Williamson and wife to David Esten; ½ acre, $500.

Covington borough—L. T. Wilkins and wife to A. L. Highland; lots, $1,200.

Telephone Trust to Dissolve.

The details have just been made public of an agreement between the Department of Justice and the Telephone Trust, whereby competitive conditions will be restored on the telephone service of the entire country and whereby the Trust will dispose of its Western Union holdings.

This is regarded by the Department of Justice as the most striking indication offered in a decade that "big business" has come to the conclusion that it is better to follow the Sherman law than fight it. The plan has the hearty approval of President Wilson.

In speaking of the matter the Philadelphia Record says of its importance:

By the telephone case settlement competition is assured between the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph, the two rival telegraph systems in the country; also between the Bell and the independent telephone companies in their respective local fields. Finally, trunk line connections and long distance service over the Bell system are offered to the subscribers of all independent companies. The settlement does not involve an agreement by the Government to the reasonableness of existing rates; this will be left to the Interstate Commerce and the Public Utilities Commissions for their determination. Besides competition as a regulator of rates there will still remain regulation of rates and practices by public authority. Between the two the public ought to obtain good service at reasonable cost.

Arrested for Polluting Streams.

That the State department is increasing its vigilance of the streams and rivers within the Commonwealth, and protecting them from pollution has been evidenced in several instances within the past few months. The suit brought against Coudersport borough for $145,000 is a case in point. Closely following this instance, constables in the employ of the State Department of Fisheries, have served notice of arrest and summons to appear on the officers of seven industries in Williamsport and on the presidents of the Elk Tanning Co. plant at Ralston and the superintendent of the Roaring Branch tannery all of whom appeared before a Williamsport justice and entered bail for an appearance at a hearing early in January.

The arrests are made on a charge of polluting the Susquehanna river and the several creeks tributary thereto.

This particular charge comes from the great destruction of fish, the past season, by some substance that is dumped in the creeks which feed the river in the vicinity of Williamsport.

By these prosecutions, and others which will undoubtedly follow, the state authorities intend to make it clear that no one can send into any stream in the future, any pollution which may kill fish or render the water unfit for domestic purposes.

—According to its population more hunting licenses were issued in McKean county than in any other county of the State. There were 4,100 applications.

Live Stock Wanted.

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment Jan 3d.
LOUIS KENDRICK,
R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa.
Feb. 20, 1913-tf. Farmers' Phone 11 AA.

Notice to Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Tioga County Savings & Trust Co. for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year will be held at its banking office in Wellsboro, Pa., on Tuesday, Jan. 20th, 1914 at 2 o'clock p. m.
J. L. BAILEY, Sec'y.

Live Stock Wanted.

Highest market price paid for sheep, lambs, veal calves, bologna cows and beef cattle delivered at the Wellsboro stock yards. Next shipment, Monday, Jan. 5th.
J. H. HOWE,
Tioga, Pa.
Sept. 11, 1913-tf. Farmers' Phone, 10-11

Proclamation in Divorce.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. To WALTER T. RULE greeting: Whereas, Nannie B. Rule, did on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1913, prefer her petition to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga, Pennsylvania, praying that for causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you the said Walter T. Rule. We therefore command you that setting aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Wellsboro, at the Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said county on the fourth Monday of January next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Nannie B. Rule and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Nannie B. Rule, your wife, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made are provided. Hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable David Cameron, President Judge of our said Court at Wellsboro, the 23d day of December, A. D. 1913. Edson J. Catlin, Prothonotary.
LYMAN D. GOODSPEED,
December 25 1913 4t Sheriff.

Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch at the WELLSBORO GAZETTE office.

Year End Sale

OF

WOMEN'S SUITS

$15.00 Suits, Year End Sale	$10.98
$20.00 Suits, Year End Sale	14.98
$25.00 Suits, Year End Sale	17.98
$27.50 Suits, Year End Sale	19.98
$35.00 Suits, Year End Sale	24.98

NO CHARGE FOR ALTERATIONS

Year End Sale Women's Coats

$15.00 Coats, Year End Sale	$10.98
$20.00 Coats, Year End Sale	14.98
$25.00 Coats, Year End Sale	17.98
$35.00 Coats, Year End Sale	24.98

Year End Sale of Dresses

$ 7.98 Dresses, Year End Sale	$4.98
$12.98 Dresses, Year End Sale	8.98
$22.50 Dresses, Year End Sale	14.98

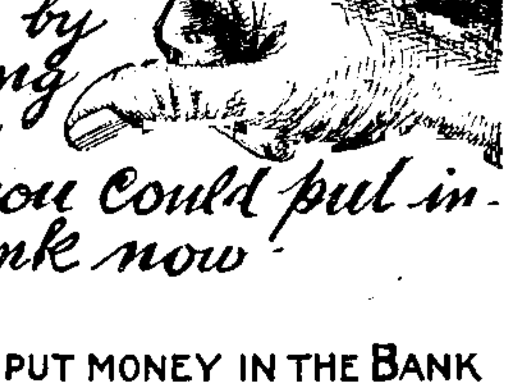
Year End Sale of Stationery

Hurd's Finest Boxed Stationery—

75c Values, for	45c
$1.25 and $1.50 Values, for	89c

It pays to trade at Berkoff's

You are Stealing from your own future by spending money that you could put in the Bank now



IF YOU PUT MONEY IN THE BANK NOW IT WILL GROW INTO A FORTUNE AND KEEP YOU SOME DAY

The above statement is absolutely true. You are spending not alone the money but the FUTURE of that money. That money you are now spending would some day make a goodly sum which would insure you COMFORT IN YOUR OLD AGE or protect your family should you die.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank.

WE PAY 3½% INTEREST
IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

First National Bank

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Northern Pennsylvania

THE BEST OF THE YEAR
AUDITORIUM, MONDAY, DEC. 29

GREATEST SUCCESS NEW YORK HAS EVER KNOWN

"Within the Law"

THE PLAY THAT HAS ELECTRIFIED A MILLION PEOPLE

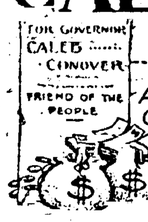
25 - COMPANY OF - 25

Headed by the Celebrated Actress, MARION MORTON

A Carload of Scenery

PRICES, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 & $1.50
Seats on Sale Friday. No Free List. No seats held unless paid for.

CALEB CONOVER RAILROADER



A STORY of LOVE, POLITICS, INTRIGUE, OF A RICH & POWERFUL BOSS AND AN INTREPID YOUNG REFORMER.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Billy Shevlin's Loyalty.

GLANCING over the scene of the late conflict before departing for his ride, his glance fell on a solitary, ill-dressed figure seated at one corner of the deserted table.

"Billy!" exclaimed Conover, exasperated, "why didn't you get out with the rest?"

"'Cause I don't belong with that cheap-skate push. I belong here with you, Boss."

"But I'm out of it, you idiot. Out of the game for good and all. I'm leaving Granite."

"When do we start?"

Conover looked at his little henchman in annoyance that merged into a vexed laugh.

"I tell you," he repeated, "I'm out of politics for good."

"So'm I, then," cheerfully responded Billy. "D'ye know, Boss, I'm kind o' glad. Sometimes I've suspicioned politics wasn't—well, wasn't quite square. Maybe it's best that two pious men like us is out of it. Now, say, Mister Conover," he hurried on more seriously, "I know what you mean. You want to shake the whole bunch. You're sore on 'em all. You're goin' to cut out Granite, too, after the lemon you've been handed. But whatever your game is an' wherever you spiel it, it won't do you no harm to have Billy Shevlin along with you as a 'also-ran.' Now, will it? Why, Boss I've worked for you ever since I was no bigger-n—no bigger'n Staatz's chances of becomin' a white man. An' I ain't goin' to cut out the old job at this time of day. If it ain't Caleb Conover, Governor, I work for, then it'll be Caleb Conover. Something-or-other. An' that's good enough for W. Shevlin. So let's let it go at that. I won't bother you no more to-night, 'cause I see you're on edge. But I'm comin' around in the mornin'. An' when I come I'm comin' for keeps. Just like I've always done. So long Boss."

"Poor old Billy!" muttered Conover as Shevlin slipped out too hurriedly to permit of his Leader's framing any reply to what was quite the longest speech the henchman had ever made "He'll never make a hit in politics till he gets rid of some of that loyalty Next to gratitood there ain't another vice that hampers a man so bad."

Then, dismissing the recent events from his mind, the Railroader ran downstairs, lightly as a boy, and to the outer entrance, where Dunderberg was plunging and pivoting in the grip of two grooms. A third groom, mounted on a quieter steed, sat well beyond range of the stallion's lashing heels.

Late as it was, Mrs. Conover was still up. Caleb brushed past her in the hall, cutting short the feeble remonstrances with which she always prefaced one of his wild rides.

"Oh, Caleb!" she pleaded, as she followed him out on the broad veranda. "Not to-night, dear! Just give it up this once, to please ME! He's—he's such a terrible horse. I never saw him so wild as he is now. The men can scarcely hold him. Oh, please—"

But the Railroader was already preparing to mount.

"Don't you worry, old girl," he called back over his shoulder; "he's none too wild for my taste. There never was a horse yet could get the best of me."

The wind was rising again. It whistled across the grounds, ruffling the puddles and stirring the dead leaves. A whiff of it caught Conover's hat as he fought his way to the plunging stallion's back. The exultance of coming battle was already upon both rider and horse.

"Your hat, sir!" called one of the grooms, as another sprang forward to catch the falling headgear. But Caleb had no mind to wait for trifles. The night wind was in his face, the furious horse whirling and rearing between his vice-like knee-grip

"All right!" shouted Conover in glorious excitement, signalling to the struggling groom to release the bit. "All right! Let him go! Never mind the hat. Come on, Giles."

Dunderberg, his head free, leaped forward as from a catapult. Master and man thundered away down the drive, and were swallowed in the Blackness. The double roar of flying hoofs grew fainter, then was lost in the solemn hush of the autumn night

CHAPTER XXV.

Dunderberg Solves the Difficulty.

CLIVE STANDISH had spent the evening at the Civic League headquarters, awaiting reports of the day's battle. The rooms were full of the League's minor candidates and officials, with a fair sprinkling of women. Anice Lanier, chaperoned by her aunt, with whom she now lived, was there her high color and the light in her big eyes alone betraying the fearful suspense under which she laborerd.

The belated returns, which should have been telegraphed at once to the League headquarters, were still further delayed by the fact that the one wire now running into town had been preempted by Conover. Hence, it was not until well after one o'clock that Clive received definite news of his own election. Throngs of friends and supporters had, on receipt of the final figures, flocked about him with congratulations and good wishes. To all he had given seeming heed, yet among the crush he saw but one face, read in one pair of brown eyes the praise and infinite gladness he sought.

And as soon as he could he departed with Anice and her aunt for the latter's house, where a little supper for three was to celebrate the victory.

They formed a jolly trio about the dainty supper table. Late as it was, all were too excited to feel sleepy or wish to curtail by one minute the little feast of triumph.

"To the next Governor of the Mountain State!" proclaimed Anice solemnly, as she lifted her glass. "To be drunk standing and with— No, no, Clive," she reported as the Governor-elect also rose. "You mustn't drink it. It's—".

"I'm not going to," retorted Standish indignantly. "I'm getting up to look for a dictionary."

"But what on earth—"

"I want to find the feminine for Governor. And—"

A whirr of the telephone bell broke in on his explanation.

"Some stupid political message for you," hazarded Anice, taking down the receiver. "Yes, this is 318 R. Yes. Yes, this is Miss La— Oh!" with a changed intonation, "Mrs. Conover?"

A longer pause. Then Anice gave a little exclamation of sympathy, listened a moment and said:

"Yes, we will come at once. But I hope you'll find it's not as bad as you think. Don't break down. I'm sure it will be all right."

"What is it?" asked Clive and her aunt in a breath.

"I'm not quite sure," answered the girl. "She was so upset I could hardly understand her. Besides, the wires are still in bad condition. But it seems some accident or injury has happened to her husband. Gerald is

"To the next Governor of the Mountain State!"

away, and there is no one the poor woman can turn to so she telephoned for me. And Clive, she wants to know if you won't come, too. Please, do. You're the only relative she has. And she's so unhappy."

"Just as you wish," acceded Standish, with no great willingness, "but I'll be sorry to have to-night's happiness marred by another row with Conover"

"I gather from what she says he is in no condition for a 'row' with anyone. I told her we'd come at once Please hurry, dear. I hate to think of that frightened little woman trying to meet any sort of a crisis alone."

In the great, comfortless drawing-room of the Mausoleum, on a couch hastily pushed into the centre of the room under the chandelier, lay Caleb Conover, Railroader. Two doctors, who had been working over him, had now drawn back a few paces and were conferring in grave undertones. At the foot of the couch, clad only in nightgown and slippers, as she had been aroused from bed, her sparse hair tight-clumped in a semicircle of kid curlers, Mrs. Conover crouched in a moaning, rocking heap. Scared, whispering groups of servants blocked the doorways or peered curiously in from behind curtains. The air was thick with the pungent smell of antiseptics.

The Railroader, lying motionless beneath the unshaded glare of a half-dozen gas-jets, was swathed of head and bandaged of arm. He was coatless, and his shirt and waistcoat were thrown open disclosing his mighty chest. Across the couch-end his feet, still booted and spurred, protruded stiffly as a mannikin's.

It was upon this scene that Anice and Clive entered. At sight of the girl, Mrs. Conover scrambled to her feet, and with a wild outburst of scared sobs, scuttled forward to meet her, the bedside slippers shuffling and sliding grotesquely along the polished floor. Anice took the panic-stricken, weeping creature into her arms and whispered what words of comfort and encouragement she could.

Meanwhile Clive, not desiring to break in on the doctor's conference turned to the doorway again and asked a question of one of the servants For reply the groom Giles was thrust forward and obliged to repeat, with dolorous function for the tenth time within an hour, the story of the accident.

"You see, sir," he said, lowering his voice as though in the room with a corpse, "Mr. Conover sent word for me to ride with him. We started off at a dead run, and my horse couldn't noways keep up with Dunderberg, so I follows along behind as fast as I could, but I couldn't keep up to the right distance between us to save me. Mr. Conover turns out of the drive, up Pompton Avenoo, sir, and on post the Mumason place, me a-followin' as fast as I could. All of a sudden I catches up. It's in that dark, woody patch of road just this side the quarries. The way I happens to catch up is because Dunderberg was havin' one of them tantrums of his an' Mr. Conover was givin' it to him for all he was worth, crop an' spur, an' Dunderberg a-whirlin' around and passagin' an' tryin' his best to rear. An' every time that horse's forehoofs come up in the air Mr. Conover'd bring his fist down between his ears an' down'd come Dunderberg on all-fours again. They was takin' up all the road, wide as it is, an' Dunderberg was lashin' an' plungin' like he was crazy, an' Mr. Conover stickin' on like he was glued there an' sendin' in the spurs and the whacks of the crop till you'd 'a' thought he'd kill the brute. Then, Dunderberg makes a dive ahead an' gets out alongside the quarry-pit an' tries to rear again. Right on the edge of the pit."

"Yes," said Clive excitedly, as the groom paused, "and then?"

"Why, sir, I can't rightly tell, the light was bad. If it'd been anyone else but Mr. Conover, I'd say he lost his nerve, an' when Dunderberg reared up he forgot to bring him down like he'd done those other times, or maybe he did hit the horse between the ears again an' didn't hit hard enough. Anyhow, over goes Dunderberg backward—clean fifteen feet drop—into the quarry. An' Mr. Conover under him. An' then—"

But Clive had moved away. The doctors had finished their consultation, and one of them—Dr. Hawes, the Conover family physician—had again approached that silent figure on the couch.

At sight of Standish the second doctor came forward to meet him.

"No," he whispered, reading the unspoken question in Clive's face, "no possible hope. He can't last over an hour longer at most. Another man, crushed as he was, would have been killed at once. As it is, he probably won't recover consciousness. Nothing but his tremendous vitality holds the shreds of life in him so long as this."

"Does his wife know—?"

"She is not in a state to be told. I wish we could persuade her to leave the room. Perhaps Miss Lanier—"

A gesture from Dr. Hawes drew them toward the couch.

"He is coming to his senses," said the family physician, adding under his breath, so that only his colleague and Clive could hear; "it is the final rally. Not one man in a thousand—"

But Clive had caught Anice's eye and beckoned her to lead Mrs. Conover to the side of the couch.

The Railroader's face, set like carven granite, began to twitch. The rigid mouth relaxed its set whiteness and the eyelids flickered. Mrs. Conover, at these signs of life, prepared for a fresh attack of hysteria, but a gentle, firm pressure of Anice's hand in hers forestalled the outburst. With an aggrieved look at the girl, Letty again turned her scared attention to her husband.

Dr. Hawes was bending once more over the prostrate man, seeking to employ a restorative. Now he rose, and as he did so, Caleb's eyes opened.

There was no bewilderment, no surprise nor pain in the calm glance that swept his garish surroundings.

"Is he suffering?" whispered Anice. "Or—"

"Horribly," returned Dr. Hawes in the same tone. "He—"

The shrewd, pale eyes that scorned to show trace of physical or mental anguish, slowly took in the group beside the couch, resting first on the two physicians, then on Anice Lanier.

As he saw and recognized Anice the first change came over the dying man's hard-set features. A look of perplexity that merged into glad surprise lighted his whole face, smoothing from it with magic touch every line of care, thought or time; transfiguring it into the countenance of a happy boy. Long he sought and held her sympathetic glance, that look of youth and gladness growing and deepening on his face, while all around stood silent and marvelling.

It was Mrs. Conover who broke the spell.

"Oh, Caleb!" she wailed querulously, "you said no horse could get the better of you. And now—"

At her words the beatific light was gone from Conover's eyes. In its stead came a gleam of grim, ironical amusement. Then his gaze travelling past Anice to Clive Standish, his brows contracted in a frown of displeasure. But this, too, faded. The swathed head settled lower among the cushions, the powerful body seemed to shrink and flatten. The eyes closed, and Conover lay very still.

His wife, divining for the first time the actual state of affairs, flung herself forward on her knees beside the silent figure, her sobs scaling to a crescendo cry of terror.

Slowly Caleb Conover opened his eyes. Reluctantly, as though drawn back by sheer force from the very threshold of the wide portals of Rest, his spirit paused for an instant longer in its earthly abode, paused and flared up, as a dying spark, in the Railroader's stiffening face.

For a moment his eyes—already wide with the awful mystery of the Beyond strayed over his kneeling wife, over the sparse locks bunched up in that halo of kid curlers, over the pudgy shape so mercilessly outlined by the sheer nightgown, over the tear-swollen red eyes, the blotched cheeks, the quivering, pursed-up mouth.

"Letty," he panted, in tired disgust "you look—more like a measly rabbit every day!"

Then, as though another and better thought had entered his darkening mind, he reached out his hand toward his wife, whether to signify a sentiment of protection or a desire for help no one could devise, but it fell inertly to his side and the soul of this masterful man passed behind the veil of time.

THE END.

Centre of Population.

Washington, D. C.—The centre of population of the United States was announced by Director of Census Durand to be in the western part of the city of Bloomington, Monroe county, Ind.

This is eight miles further west than the location announced July 17, when Director Durand placed it four and one-quarter miles south of Unionville, in the same county.

SALE OF SILKVILLE EVENT IN KANSAS

Novel Ranch Founded by Eccentric Frenchman Has an Unusual and Striking History

SILK MANUFACTURE CARRIED ON

Made Fine Goods But Failed—Cheese Industry and Wine-making Also Followed But They, Too, Went Out With Silk Manufacture.

Topeka, Kan.—A recent story reporting the sale of "Silkville," causes many old residents of Kansas to recall early history and the adventures of Europeans in this country. The story of Silkville, the peculiarities of its promoter, E. V. Boissiere, was common gossip in Kansas in the early 70's, but few of the present residents of the State are familiar with the facts. The following tells the story:

In the first place, few people know what Silkville is. From the name one would infer it is a town. It is not. It is a tract of 3,000 acres of land in one body near Williamsville, in Franklin County. It was bought by E. V. Boissiere, a Frenchman, the latter part of 1869 for the purpose of propagating silk worms.

Charles Sears, an American, had charge of the place, and while a great many Frenchmen were brought to Silkville to work, the place was always under Mr. Sears' management.

A sandstone fence four feet high, nicely laid up, was built around the entire place.

The buildings on the farm consisted of a large three-story stone dwelling house, 40x80 feet, a three-story cheese and butter factory, a very large one-story stone building, in which the silk worms were kept and fed, and a similar building for a blacksmith shop and workroom, several large barns and sheds for stock.

Twenty acres of the choicest land were set out with mulberry trees for feed for the silk worms. Outside of this large vineyards and orchards were put out and farming of all kinds was engaged in.

Up to the third year very few outsiders were allowed on the place, and what went on in a measure was somewhat of a mystery to the people who lived near.

However, during the early summer of 1874 Mr. Boissiere left his palatial home in France to come over and see how Silkville was getting along. And it certainly had improved wonderfully, for there had been no lack of money to spend on the place and the trees of all kinds had made great growth and the crops looked fine and the Frenchman was highly pleased.

His grapes had made great growth and the year before had made a wonderful yield, and the amount of wine made for his use and barreled up was something great.

He pronounced the wine very fine and as it was strawberry time and the vines were loaded with large red berries, he concluded it would be a good time to let the people visit the "Frenchman's American Home," as he termed it.

So notices were printed in the Ottawa and Burlington papers that on a certain Sunday excursion trains would run to Silkville and everybody was invited to come and see how silk was made. Large crowds went, and at 11 o'clock on the morning of that day there was a great assemblage Wine was free. All the people were invited to drink all they wanted. Children as well as grown people were asked to help themselves.

In these days prohibition did not cut as much figure as it does now, and a great many indulged. About time for dinner most every one commenced to feel pretty good. They would drink a glass or two of wine and then stroll through the grounds or visit the various buildings where the worms were being fed or something was going on.

Good old brothers and sisters who were leaders of church societies at home were enjoying the Virginia reel, and there never was a dance in Kansas where the enthusiasm ran as high, and old men and old ladies who had not danced before since they were young men and women laid aside their religion and spent a happy afternoon They even forgot it was Sunday

And Silkville, where hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent to create a great industry will soon be cut up into small tracts and in a few years will be forgotten and known only in history.

Boissiere realized within five years after he bought the land that the silk industry would not be made to pay, but there is no doubt he would have made the wine and cheese industries a success, but at that time the agitation of prohibition was high in Kansas and he saw it was bound to come, and like the raising of silk, the wine making was abandoned

How Boissiere came to Kansas to engage in the silk industry was never known Up to the time he deeded the place to the Odd Fellows he spent less than a year on the place, and at times there would be intervals of two and three years at a time when he never came near it.

One Hour Sentence Profitable.

Baton Rouge, La.—After serving a sentence of one hour in the penitentiary for involuntary manslaughter, Elmore Williams, a negro, was discharged and given the usual allowance—$5, a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. He had never made so much in the same length of time in his life.

Sleeves just now are half and three-quarter length, but there is a rumor afloat that they are to again be long and close.

FLOWERS USED AS FOOD.

Important Articles of Diet for People of Many Parts of the World.

The lotus eaters of old, they tell us, were not flower eaters at all. What they did eat was the fruit of a prickly shrub, the jujube tree. This fruit is still eaten by the natives in parts of Egypt, and apparently without any remarkable effect. But a native wine is made from the juice. But if we must give up the Lotophagi as flower eaters, there are, says the London Globe, yet a number of blossoms which are really eaten at the present day.

There is, for example, the globe artichoke, the thistle which, according to Alfred de Musset, has "left the ass's jaws to be flooded with sauce in the Bishop's silver dish." For it is the unopened flowers of this plant which appear on our tables as a vegetable. If they are left on the plant they open out into handsome purple blossoms. And then there is the cauliflower, which Dr. Johnson is said to have called the "finest flower in the garden." This is truly a flower that is eaten, for the snowy vegetables served at our table are the unexpanded flowers of a variety of cabbage.

Cloves and capers, too, are familiar flowers that are eaten. The former are the immature blossoms of a plant of the myrtle order, growing in the Moluccas. It is a beautiful evergreen tree thirty of forty feet high, with crimson flowers. The buds are first light colored, then green and afterward red. At this stage they are gathered and dried The little round knob in the center of the clove is the unexpanded crimson blossom. The familiar trimmings for the boiled leg of mutton are the unopened flowers of a spring bramblelike shrub of the Mediterranean region.

A favorite sweetmeat in former days was made of the candied petals of the violet, and the floral dainty is perhaps coming into favor again But the flower of the Mahwa tree of India is so full of sugar that there is no need to candy it, and it is eaten either fresh or dried in the sun These flowers are largely eaten by the natives along with their rice, etc. They are said to have a luscious but peculiar taste when fresh, and to resemble in flavor inferior figs when dry. It has been reckoned that a man and his wife and three children might be supported for three or four months on the flowers of one Mahwa tree. In other cases it is the pollen of the flower that is eaten. The pollen of certain species of reed is made into bread, and thus eaten both in Scinde and New Zealand. The pollen of the sage palm is also eaten.

120-POUND SNAKE KILLS MAN.

Large Rattler Strikes Negro, Causing Instant Death.

Camden, Ark.—After a negro had been sacrificing, wanting party in the Ouachita River bottoms succeeded in killing a rattlesnake weighing 120 pounds, and from its tail sixty-two rattles were taken.

The negro was with the party on a squirrel hunt and stepped across a log onto the snake, which was coiled and ready for action. The negro was deaf and failed to hear the warning given by the enormous reptile, stepping upon it before he knew of his danger.

The screams of the black brought the other members of the party on the run, but not until the snake had sunk its fangs deep into the calf of the negro's leg. The large fangs of the snake cut into the flesh like a knife, and when the other hunters arrived on the scene the snake had struck the prostrate negro time and again. They quickly killed the reptile, but by that time the negro was dead also, so quick was the action of the poisonous venom of the snake.

The skin of the snake has been tanned and the rattles and buttons preserved as evidence of the great size of the snake, which is the largest ever heard of in Arkansas.

The negro made no fight against the reptile, as the poison seemed to overcome him, or his fright was so great that he was powerless from the instant he saw the snake sinking its fangs into his flesh.

Violet Wisconsin's Flower.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Returns from the vote of Wisconsin school children on the choice of a State flower are in and the violet wins by a big majority.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Wellsboro Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.

Must be proved to be as represented.

The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.

But the endorsement of friends as.

Now supposing you had a bad back.

A Lame, Weak or Aching one.

Would you experiment on it?

You will read of many so-called cures

Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.

It's different when the endorsement comes from home.

Easy to prove local testimony.

Home endorsement is the proof that backs every box of Doan's Kidney Pills

Read this case:

M. F. Bailey, 17 Austin St., Wellsboro, Pa., says. "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and other distressing symptoms of kidney trouble two years ago, procuring my supply at H. L. Blatchley's Drug Store. I found the results most satisfactory and willingly give this remedy my endorsement. I still hold a high opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and advise their use to all kidney sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's—and take no other.

VOLCANO FISH ARE PUZZLERS

Scientists Cannot Explain Beautiful Trout-like Inhabitants of Mountain Top Lake.

Toluca, Mexico—The lake in the crater of Nevada volcano, near here is teeming with fish of a species said to exist no other place in the world so far as known. The lake is at an altitude of 10,000 feet and how the fish came originally to inhabit the crater basin is one of the unsolved mysteries of nature. In appearance they are the most beautiful members of the finny tribe that have ever been discovered, with long, slender bodies and shining scales. Many efforts have been made to introduce these fish in lakes, rivers and ornamental basins and pools at lower altitudes, but it was found that they cannot live much below the 10,000 feet mark. Several months ago T. J. Hodgins, member of the Geographical and Geological Societies of Canada, spent several weeks studying these fish. He made a number of unsuccessful efforts to introduce them into water of lower altitudes. Special vessels in which the air pressure was continually kept equal to the pressure at the top of the volcano were made. Notwithstanding this precaution, the fish died as soon as they were taken to low altitudes.

Superstitious Indians who live near the volcano believe that the fish were placed in the lake by divine power and that as long as they remain there the old volcano will keep silent and that should all the fish die or be removed, the volcano would vent its anger by bursting forth in a rage of fire and lava. These fish attain large size, some of them weighing eight to twelve pounds. They possess the gamey proclivities of the mountain trout and afford plenty of sport for anglers who visit the crater.

WOMAN GIVES THRILLS GALORE.

Near-Drowning, Knight-Errant and White Slavers Figure.

Chicago—Mrs. Nellie Shafer, who gave 502 Liberty street, Lima, O., as her address, furnished all the thrills of a melodrama recently after she fell into the river at the Rush street bridge and was rescued by Michael Bunke, transportation agent for a steamship line.

Taken to the Iroquois Hospital to be pumped out, Mrs. Shafer dropped a note out the window reading: "Come at once—rescue me. In the hands of enemies.—Elsie Devon."

A laborer rushed into the hospital with the note in one hand and a pick in the other. Mrs. Shafer admitted she was the author of the note, and at the Central Police Station, where she was taken, declared she was the victim of white slavers, who pushed her into the river as she was about to board a steamer.

"Jud Hughes is the head of the white slavers trying to get me," Mrs. Shafer said. "I saw him in the crowd that jostled me at the dock. Nellie Desco was my name in Lima, but I married Winfield Shafer at Danville, Ill., May 6, 1912. My husband is working in Benton Harbor, Mich.

The Common Law of England is an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs of British, Saxon and Danish origin, which, by long use and approval, have become fundamental in English jurisprudence. Many of the principles of the English Common Law hold in this country, and throughout the English-speaking world as well.

Quebec's Enormous Birth Rate.

Dr. Osler says you can't diminish the birth rate of Quebec. In the year 1890 the late Hon. H. Mercier, then Prime Minister of the province, had a law passed by the Provincial Legislature granting one hundred acres of the public lands to each father and mother of twelve living children, and last year a return was made to the House of those who had taken advantage of this act. This return shows that there were more than 3,400 families of twelve living children in the province, while some were boasted of 17 18, 19, and one even ran up to 23

According to the last report of the Provincial coroner of vital statistics, that is to say, for 1903, 60,419 births were registered, which give a birth rate of 36.75 per 1,000 of the population.

Must Not Cook Live Fish.

Washington, D. C.—No longer will the disciples of Izaak Walton be permitted to catch fish in Yellowstone Lake and cook them immediately in a hot spring conveniently near by. The American Humane Association has objected to this method of cooking fish; wherefore the superintendent of Yellowstone Park has been instructed to stop the practice.

Why You Should Take This Paper

BECAUSE it gives you the neighborhood news.

BECAUSE it gives you the county news

BECAUSE it gives you the State news.

BECAUSE it gives you the general news.

BECAUSE it gives you up-to-date pointers on your business.

BECAUSE it furnishes entertainment for you and your family.

BECAUSE it tells you where to get the best bargains.

BECAUSE it helps you to be a good citizen.

BECAUSE it booms the town and helps the community.

BECAUSE it stand for better roads, better streets, better homes, better farms and better business.

BECAUSE your patronage will help to make it a better paper and more able to promote these and other desirable things.

AN Honest Medicine's The Noblest Work of Man.

Certain medicines have a strong hold upon public confidence because they have been tried and proved, and have come to be recognized as almost invariably successful remedies for specific diseases. One such is

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar

The public, including the medical profession, have thus come to rely for the relief of incipient la grippe, pneumonia, and diseases of throat, chest and lungs, upon

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar

Beware of substitutes. Insist upon having Hale's, and only Hale's.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

WHEN IT ACHES AGAIN USE PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS.

A Sharp Demand for Schwarzenbach Beer

Prevails all through the winter months. The change of seasons has little effect upon the call for this excellent beverage.

The old fashioned fireside was no more cheerful of a long winter's evening than the present one with a good supply of SCHWARZENBACH beer in the house. As a table beverage there is nothing so relishing, appetising and altogether satisfactory.

It is a mistaken idea that a drink that warms the stomach prepares the body to withstand cold weather. What the system needs in winter is a nourishing food beverage such as our beer is.

Wellsboro people are liberal in their use of products of merit, as shown by increasing demand for SCHWARZENBACH beer, all the year around. Let us send you a case.

The Schwarzenbach Brewing Co.

GALETON, PENNA

S. E. PEAKE, DISTRIBUTOR, WELLSBORO, PA.

CHRISTMAS GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN

Many Forms of Merrymaking for the Little Folks' Holiday Party.

By ADELE MENDLE.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year."

AT Christmas time the children are bubbling over with the spirit of the season and the grown folks' thoughts turn to the little ones' fun and amusement at no time more than at the happy Yule Tide.

With a little thought and preparation a children's Christmas party may be made such a joyous affair that its happy memories will linger with the young folks for many years.

Here are some entertaining games that will solve a problem for the perplexed mother who perhaps is wondering "What shall I have the children play at the party?" For when she sends her "Come to my Christmas party" invitations, she knows that a successful children's party means something more than just "ice cream and cake."

These games will appeal to all the children—the timid little girl, who is inclined to shrink in the corner, as well as the big boy, who usually occupies "the center of the stage."

Santa Claus' Reins.

This game is very exciting. Three pieces of white tape, each about an inch wide, and the length of the room, are held at one end by three children. Three others are given pairs of scissors and at a signal the players cut the tape in half lengthwise. The one who first reaches the opposite end of the tape is the winner of that heat. The different winners contest until the champion is declared. Boys and girls, you know, love racing competitions of all kinds and this race is one that probably they never played before.

Magic Music.

Although this is a game that perhaps the mothers and fathers played when they went to kindergarten, it still causes much laughter and is always successful.

One child leaves the room and the others decide upon something for him to do on his return. The musician regulates his playing, and the child must guide his actions according to the loudness or softness of the music. It is astonishing what different tasks are accomplished after a little practice, and the children's cries of "let me go out next" prove their enjoyment of "Magic Music."

Guessing Holly Berries.

For this game the child must put on his "thinking cap." Hold a large spray of holly in your hand and allow the children to look at it for a few minutes. Then tell them to write their estimate of the number of holly berries on the branch. You might take a chrysanthemum also and ask them to guess how many petals in the flower. Great interest is shown when the petals are counted.

A Christmas Doll.

The idea of this game is to see who can make the prettiest doll out of a long smooth potato, two pieces of pretty colored tissue paper, some small sticks for legs and arms, and some pins. Or if you would rather pass clothes pins and let the children fashion dolls out of them, that will also answer the purpose.

Place all the dolls in a row when completed, and have the children vote for their favorite one. You will be surprised to see what ingenuous results the clever little fingers produce.

A Noisy Game.

Yes, it is noisy, but the children have an idea that "the more noise, the more fun," and what mother cares if "the roof comes down" at a Christmas party?

After a child leaves the room, a proverb is chosen. One word of it is given to each child. If there are more children than words contained in the proverb, then two or more children are given the same word. When the child outside the room returns, a leader counts "One, two, three." At the "Three" all the children shout their given word. The child must guess the proverb.

Santa Claus' Grab Bag.

On the invitation state that each child is to bring something to the party that he or she no longer cares for. This article is to be in a neatly wrapped and tied parcel, so as to hide its identity. It is placed in a large bag, on the child's arrival. Each child then draws a present from the bag. Uproars of laughter follow the opening of the packages, which probably will consist of peculiar articles of all sizes and descriptions.

A Christmas Mix-Up.

Provide the children with paper and pencil. Give them the following list of words pertaining to Christmas. You see the letters are all twisted. It is their interesting task to straighten them out.

Key and list:

1. Christmas—Atschsmri.
2. Reindeer—Drierene.
3. Sleigh—Ileghs.
4. Mistletoe—Etlosmtle.
5. Holly—Oylhl.
6. Plum Pudding—Upimdpudgnt.
7. Santa Claus—Ascularsna.
8. Candles—Ledness.
9. Stockings—Koscisign.
10. Jack Frost—Kcajtrfso.
11. Wreath—Trhwae.
12. Snowball—Ownslabl.

What Santa Claus Doesn't Like.

This is a simple and successful game. All the children are seated [illegible] who says, "Santa Claus doesn't like C's. What are you going to give him instead?" The first child [illegible] with a word that does not contain a "C." For instance: "Meat" would be a correct answer, but "rice" would not do. If a correct answer is not given by the time the leader [illegible] a "C," a forfeit must be paid. [illegible] we all know the fun of redeeming [illegible].

A Peanut Race.

At one end of the room place two [illegible] of peanuts, and at the opposite [illegible] each child [illegible] as they can on the blade of the knife and carry it to the empty bowl with one hand. Depositing the peanuts they return for more. Each child is allowed three minutes. A score is kept and the one who has the largest number of peanuts credited to his name wins the prize.

Puzzle Pictures.

Pretty pictures taken from magazines, advertisements and discarded picture books are cut up into several pieces and placed into envelopes. A good idea is to write the same number on the back of the envelope and all pieces belonging to one puzzle, so that if a piece gets mixed with the others it can be readily returned to its own set.

Each child is handed a puzzle, and as soon as he succeeds in placing the pieces in their proper position he is given credit for it by the score keeper, and receives another puzzle to work with. The one who succeeds in putting together the most pictures in a stated time receives a well-earned prize.

Snowballs.

This is an amusing game. Snowballs made of cotton batting and covered with white tissue paper and a small basket are required. The players stand about eight feet from the basket. The one who tosses the most balls into the basket is the prize winner. Each child might be given three snowballs to start with.

A Christmas Spider Web.

Take as many balls of twine as there are children expected at the party. To one end of each ball attach a card bearing the child's name and to the other end an inexpensive gift. Twist the twine around the different objects in the room. Give each child the twine and card bearing his name. At a signal all begin to unwind the entangled web. Great is the fun and loud the exclamations when the young people arrive at the end of their string and find a gift awaiting them.

A Pop Corn Party.

If you don't mind the "muss," and of course you won't, have a pop corn party. Have the children sit in a circle on the floor and provide each with a bowl of popcorn, a needle and some coarse white thread. Tell them that the one who strings the longest popcorn chain before the time is up will win the prize. Each youngster takes home his own string of corn.

An Impromptu Entertainment.

When the children are tired of romping, let them sit on the floor in a circle and tell them you are going to have an entertainment, and that each child must do something to help make it a success. The youngsters will provide a variety of numbers for your impromptu program, from nursery rhymes to fancy dancing.

Artists.

Bring in a good sized blackboard and have the children see who can draw the best Santa Claus. This will afford much pleasure for the little folks.

Childless Man Cautious.

Kansas City, Mo.—Henry Kollar, a real estate man, who died recently at his home, 501 Gladstone boulevard, did not want any controversies over his property. Neither did he care to have some unknown claimant take the estate. So in his will Kollar included this provision: "I have no children and so far as my knowledge extends, I never have had any; yet, to guard against any mistake on this subject, I bequeath to each person who shall legally establish that he or she is a child of mine, the sum of $10." Mr. Kollar left an estate valued at $100,000.

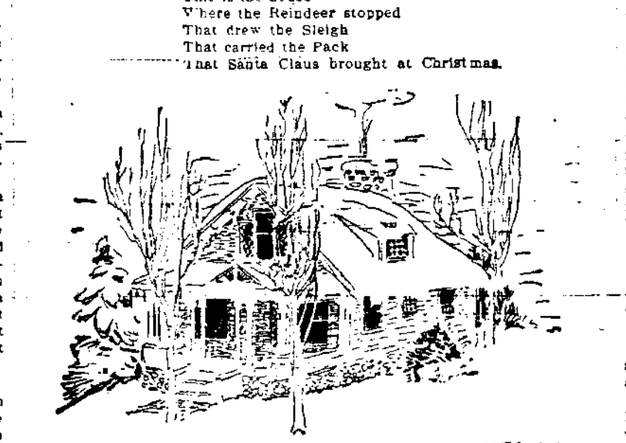
A SANTA CLAUS RHYME

By IDA KENNISTON.
Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory.

This is the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

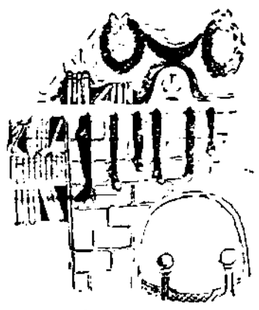
This is the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

These are the Reindeer
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the house
Where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

This is the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Stocking long and fine
That the little girl hung at the end of the line
There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas

This is the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas

RIVER MAY SOLVE THE FUEL PROBLEM

Old Captain Expects Missouri River to Prevent Fuel Shortage in Kansas.

LIGHT AND HEAT ARE POSSIBLE

Predicts Return to Old Boat Traffic as Freight Rates Increase—Keokuk Dam Cited as an Example.

Leavenworth, Kas. The Missouri River is to be the solution of the fuel shortage in this great valley. When the coal fields are nearly exhausted, wood at a premium, and gas and oil too scarce for fuel, the people of the Missouri Valley will look to old Mother Nature for relief. The neglected river will furnish them with light, power and heat.

This is the opinion of Capt. James Campbell, who, during the past summer, commanded a Government boat "pulling snags" on a trip up the river to Fort Platte. Captain Campbell grounded here to talked with members of the Commercial Club and with merchants about the awakening to the possibilities presented in the country's great waterways. In a talk he cited the Keokuk dam as the first effort in this country to utilize the river for anything except indifferent freight traffic.

Looking ahead, Capt. Campbell sees in fifty years a big dam somewhere between Kansas City and Sioux City that will furnish power not only for municipal light and heating, but also for propelling railroad trains throughout the great valley. He does not believe this will be done until the people are forced to action by the exhaustion of other resources. The Keokuk dam, which furnishes electricity to the City of St. Louis, he said, shows what latent powers the nation's water courses possess.

"But why is it that the Government continues to spend money in sending boats up and down the river, constantly keeping its channel clear," Mayor Crancer asked Capt. Campbell.

"The Government realizes that it is only a matter of time until river traffic will be resumed," was the reply. "As freight rates increase people are becoming more dissatisfied, and they will turn to the river for relief. Already the Government has opened the Missouri for traffic between Kansas City and St. Louis. By confining the current to one channel the Missouri river makes an excellent waterway, not only between Kansas City and St Louis, but from Kansas City to Fort Pierre."

Capt. Campbell told the members of the Commercial Club here that there are a number of Government parties between Leavenworth and Sioux City curbing the Missouri with the ultimate view of back to the river for freight traffic. Already a company is organizing in Sioux City to build freight vessels to ply from there to northern points on the river.

"Look at the River Rhine in Germany," said Capt. Campbell. "It is no deeper or larger than the Missouri, but think of the uses the Germans make of it. The truth is our waterways are not developed one-tenth."

Captain Campbell has been plying up and down the Missouri River for fifty years. His trip down from the Northwest was in the steamboat McPherson, one of the old-timers on the river. He remembers when the first railroad engines were transferred from St. Louis to Kansas City by boat. They were mostly smoke stacks, he says, and were old-fashioned wood burners. One was named Wyandotte and the other Delaware.

PUT IT BACK.

Against the Law to Take Water Out of the Ocean in France.

Paris. In France you must not take any water out of the ocean. It is against the law.

A young married couple living at Pourville, near Dieppe, sent a servant down to the beach to get a bucket of sea-water, the family physician having prescribed salt water baths for their sick baby. Half way back to the house the servant was confronted by a government official.

"You must put that water back in the ocean," the astounded menial was told. The latter commenced to argue, but it did him no good. He had to return the water to the sea.

After the father of the family had taken the matter up with the authorities, and had been referred from one official to another down a long line, he was informed that a written permission from the local customs authorities had to be obtained before he could be allowed to take water out of the ocean. This permit must bear a 12-cent stamp and is granted 15 days after application.

It has to do with a measure to prevent the illicit distillation of salt upon which there is a tax.

"NO, SIR, THE THIRD," SAID YOUNG MAMMA.

Pastor Was Only Inquiring If It Was the Ninth of the Month.

Flushing, L. I.—A clergyman, pastor of a popular church here, received as a caller at his parsonage a young matron carrying in her arms a chubby faced youngster.

"I want the baby christened," the mother said.

After the ceremony the clergyman started to write out the baptismal certificate required by the Board of Health.

Forgetting for the moment the date of the month, he remarked to the mother:

"This is the 9th, isn't it?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied the young matron indignantly, "it's only the third."

THE CRY FOR LAUGHTER.

To make one laugh—this is the insistent demand to-day. The element of amusement must enter into every form of art. Leave out sense, sentiment, imagination, but venture not to leave out fun. The lecture that draws the big audience is the one that brings in the most jokes; the play that fills the house is not the tragedy which "purges with pity and terror" (that passed long ago) nor the drama of human action and passion lighted here and there with wit or humor; it is the exaggerated burlesque, the hop and skip vaudeville, the farce so ridiculous that we laugh in spite of ourselves and feel self-contemptuous afterwards.

To laugh is all right. Laughter is an excellent thing in its place. It is a corrective of sour moods; it is a breeze that clears the mental atmosphere of vapors; it is a dredge that sweeps away the barriers of formalism and sets in motion warm currents of good will. But laughter, to be wholesome, should be occasional, not continuous. Humor is the spice of art, not the whole pabulum. There is danger of losing sight of this danger that the craze for amusement invade the domain of serious art and dethrone noble ideals.—Mary E. Bryan in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

MATERIALISM IN CHILDREN.

It is perhaps not unnatural that the growth of fortunes should bring the facts of life early before the minds of children, and that, as a result there should be a tendency towards materialism in even a child's point of view, writes Louisa McCrady in the Atlantic. Not long ago I heard two girls of six and seven talking on a country road. They were children whose parents were amply able to give them whatever they thought best for them to have. The first child said: "How can we make some money? I tell you what, Mary, we must sell your radishes as soon as they are ripe." Mary answered sadly: "I wish Aunt Susan were here; she buys radishes like the dickens." Now these children at this early age were discontented with their weekly allowance, and finding that they could not get more from their parents, decided to sell to the neighbors; and their parents, wishing them to develop themselves and to learn by experience, did not prevent their doing so.

MAN HAS NOT GROWN.

While there may be more or less change or variation, men are of practically the same stature and the same size of brain today as they were before the dawn of history. In prhistoric ages the size of the human brain increased enormously. It is now larger relatively to the bulk of body than that of any other mammal, and is proportionately five or six times larger than that of any simian now existing. In the simians and in mammals generally, as in the elephant and horse, wherever there is much cerebral substance there is a corresponding "educability" or power of storing up individual experience as opposed to instinctive racial experience. But in man the increased bulk of brain ceased in the early palaeolithic times. "Educability" then began to differentiate the human races.—New York Times.

ONLY AMERICAN PEER.

After getting along so great she might without a Lord Fairfax for four generations, England has at last been supplied with a full-fledged peer of that name. Strangely enough, he is an American by birth and breeding. In Maryland, his native State, and in a Wall Street bank, where he was a clerk for some years, he was known as Albert Kirby Fairfax. His father was a physician and his mother was the daughter of a colonel in the American army. Young Fairfax's right to the title was discovered on the other side in time to insure him an invitation to the King's coronation five years ago. He accepted the summons to London and has lived there ever since. Lately he has taken out naturalization papers as a British subject, which will make him eligible to a seat in the House of Lords.—Leslie's Weekly.

LIKE THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE.

Dr. Bigelow's theory that bees won't sting if properly handled is doubtless correct, but it is always so difficult for a layman to get well enough acquainted with a bee to know just what annoys it.

The English Board of Trade has taken up the job of abolishing duplicate names of vessels in the British commercial fleet. Perhaps somebody will yet be moved to a like work of reform among the American post-offices.

Woman in Diplomatic Service.

Washington, D. C. The first woman ever to enter the diplomatic service of any country in the world is Miss Clotilde Luisi, who has been appointed by the President of Uruguay as an attache of the Uruguayan Legation at Brussels, Belgium. Miss Luisi recently received a university degree of doctor of laws.

Delmar and Hoytville Telephone Co.

The annual meeting of the Delmar and Hoytville Telephone Company will be held at Knapp, Pa., on THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the election of officers and any other necessary business. All members are urged to attend.

E. E. BENJAMIN,
Dec. 18-3t. Secretary.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Wills of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, upon the estate of JOSEPHINE HANVILLE, late of Wellsboro, Pa., said county, deceased, to the undersigned, and all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and all persons who have lawful claims gainst the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

WALTER T. WILKINSON,
Administrator.
Dec. 18, 1913-6t. Wellsboro, Pa.

Auditor's Notice.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Tioga county to distribute the funds in the hands of Frank H. Wilson and Charles L. Wilson, Administrators of the estate of MARY J. WILSON late of Delmar township said county, deceased, as appears on their final account, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place all persons having claims upon said fund must attend and present and maintain their respective claims, or they will be thereafter debarred from participating in said fund.

ALFRED J. SHATTUCK,
Dec. 11, 1913-4t. Wellsboro Pa. Auditor.

Application for Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga: Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on MONDAY, the 5th day of JANUARY, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and its supplements, by George W. Williams, Howard F. Marsh, Newell R. White, and others, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called THE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF THE BOROUGH OF WELLSBORO, PA., the character and object of which is to provide and maintain a fund from legacies, bequests and other sources for the relief, support and burial of members who may be crippled or killed while doing public fire duty in the borough of Wellsboro, and to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

NORMAN B. LESLIE
Dec. 18-3t. Solicitor.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphns' Court of Tioga county, dated the 16th day of December, 1913, the undersigned Administratrices of George W. McCracken, late of the borough of Liberty, in said county, deceased, will expose for public sale at the front door of the court house in Wellsboro, Pa., on THURSDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1914, at one o'clock p. m., all that certain lot of land situate in the borough of Liberty, county of Tioga and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a post corner on the west side of the road leading from Liberty borough to Trout Run, Pa., and being the southeast corner of lot now or formerly belonging to Susan Parl; thence along said road southwesterly 52 feet to a post; thence along an alley northwesterly 208 feet to a post; thence along an alley northeasterly 52 feet to a post; thence along the lot of the said Susan Parl, now Mrs. G. W. McCracken, southeasterly 208 feet to the place of beginning, together with a strip of land three inches wide extended from the place of beginning along the east line of said lot for the length of the house and porch now occupying said lot and being a small strip of land conveyed to said decedent by a conveyance not of record, the first lot above described being the same lot conveyed to the said Geo. W. McCracken by J. E. Kimbla and wife by deed dated the 16th day of March, 1898, and recorded in the Recorder's office for Tioga county, in Deed Book 110, page 448. The said lot has a frame dwelling house and outbuildings thereon and well watered.

Terms of sale: Ten per cent. on day of sale and balance on delivery of deed.

CAROLINE McCRACKEN,
CARRIE GLECKNER,
Administratrices.
Dec. 18, 1913-3t.

Executor's Sale.

Pennsylvania, deceased, will sell at public sale at the front door of the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa., on THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1914, at one o'clock p. m., the following described lot of land.

All that lot of land situate in Chatham township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot No. 68, of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township; thence along the west line of lot No. 296, of said lands south ½ degree west, 84.3 rods to a post; thence along lines of lot No. 72 of said lands, north 89 degrees west, 34.8 rods and south 24 rods to a post; thence along the north line of lot No. 73 of said lands, north 89½ degrees west, 139.7 rods to a post; thence along the east line of lot No. 65 of said lands, north ½ degree east 104 rods, and thence along the south line of lot No. 68 of said lands, south 89½ degrees east, 174.7 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and three and one-half acres of land with the allowance, be the same more or less. And being lot No. 70 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township, and a part of Warrant Nos. 1339 and 1347. About 50 acres improved, with a framed two story dwelling house with wings attached, a framed

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Tioga county, dated December 1, 1913, the undersigned Executor of the last will of Amy Lee, late of Chatham township, Tioga county barn with additions and wagon sheds attached, a one story log house and other outbuildings, with an apple orchard and fruit and ornamental trees thereon. Watered by a dug well and an artesian well, springs and running brook. And being the same lands conveyed to Amy Lee by D. H. Lee and wife and Mary L. Wass and William Wass, her husband, by a deed dated May 15, 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Tioga county, Pa., in Deed Book, Vol. 98, page 385, etc.

Terms of sale: 25 per cent. of bid at time of sale, balance cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

HERMAN E. ODLE,
Dec. 18, 1913-3t. Executor.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of levari facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the courthouse in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1914, at one o'clock p. m., the following described property in Tioga county, Pa.:

1. All that lot of land situate in Duncan township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania: Beginning at a post a little south of the public road, the extreme southwest corner hereof; thence north, 74 rods to a post, thence west 48 rods to a post, thence north 16 rods to a post, thence east 136 rods to a post; thence south 56 6 rods to a post; thence west 88 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 44½ acres, more or less, and being the same land conveyed to Susan Pope by Morgan L. Bacon and wife by a deed delivered even date herewith and being the same land conveyed to Morgan L. Bacon, the second party herein, William Champaign, Sheriff of Tioga county, by a deed acknowledged in open court September 30th, 1897, and recorded in the Prothonotary's Office of Tioga county in record book of Sheriff's Sales, Volume 3, page 276, sold as the property of Alfred Pope. Improved with a two-story framed dwelling house, a large framed barn, and other out buildings, an apple orchard and other fruit and ornamental trees thereon and well watered. To be sold as the property of Susan Pope, Alfred Pope and John N. Norris, suit of Sarah E. Fish, Assignee of Morgan L. Bacon.

2. All that certain lot, tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Clymer, county of Tioga and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of W. A. Griffin; east by highway leading from Charles Whiting's to Sabinsville; south by lands of Charles Whiting; west by lands of B. H. Whitman, to place of beginning. Containing sixty-four acres of land, be the same more or less. It being the same piece or parcel of land deeded by James H. King and Albert King and Floyd King, March 24th, 1912. Less fourteen acres of the land above described which was released from the lien of the mortgage on which the action in this case was brought by a release dated March 19, 1901, recorded in the Recorder's Office in Mortgage Book Vol. 59, page 195, etc. About 26 acres improved with a two-story framed dwelling house with additions and wings attached, a framed barn 30 by 40 feet in size with basement, and other outbuildings, an apple orchard and other fruit and ornamental trees thereon and well watered by springs. To be sold as the property of Albert King, Floyd King, Ira King, Earl, Leon, Earl and Edson J. Catlin, Gdn. ad. litem of Kenneth F. King, suit of F. L. Sears.

LYMAN D. GOODSPEED,
Dec. 25-3t. Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of levari facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the courthouse in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., the following described property in Tioga county, Pa.:

1. All that lot of land situate in Chatham township, Tioga count, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of a lot bought of the Bingham Trustees by Wm. Brague by contract February 18, 1846; thence along land of the estate of John Faulkner, deceased north, eighty-nine and one-half degrees west, forty-six rods to a post; thence along land of said Wm. Brague—slate, north, one degree east, one hundred three rods to a post; thence along lands of Sidney Beach, south, eighty-nine and one-half degrees east, forty-four and seven-tenths rods to a post; thence along same lands, north, one degree east, forty-six and three-tenths rods to a post; thence along lands formerly contracted by said Bingham Trustees to John Short, south, eighty-nine and one-half degrees east, forty-seven and three-tenths rods to a post; thence along lands of D. T. Beach, south, one degree west, one hundred twenty-seven and three-tenths rods to the center of public road; thence along the center of said road, north, eighty-eight degrees west, nineteen and four-tenths rods to a post; thence along lands of said John Faulkner estate, south, seventy-eight and one-half degrees west, twenty-seven and five-tenths rods to a post; and thence along the same, south, one degree west, thirteen and five-tenths rods to the place of beginning. Containing sixty-six and six-tenths acres. Improved with an apple orchard and other fruit and ornamental trees thereon and well watered. To be sold as the property of Philip T. Wass, suit of Elizabeth F. Channell.

2. Also, all that other tract or parcel of land situate in said township of Chatham, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of said tract of land; thence north, three and one-half degrees east, along lands of Henry Curran, seventy-nine rods to a post; thence along the marsh, south, sixty-one degrees east, twenty-five rods; thence south, fifty-four degrees east, eighteen rods; thence south, thirty-eight degrees east, fifteen and five-tenths rods to the west line of Fred Beach; thence by said line south, three and one-half degrees west, forty-eight rods to a post and the north line of lands formerly owned by the said Fred Beach; thence by said line, north, eighty-seven degrees west, forty-six rods to the place of beginning. Containing nineteen acres and fifty-seven perches of land. Also, all that other tract or parcel of land situate in said township of Chatham, bounded east by lands of Henry H. Cooper; south by the public highway, and west and north by lands of said Fred Beach; containing one and one-half acres, more or less.

The land above described being the same land conveyed the above named mortgagor by Fred Beach, by deed dated December 26th, 1905. Nearly all improved and the rest wild land with some valuable timber thereon, and well watered. To be sold as the property of Philip T. Wass, suit of Elizabeth F. Channell.

3. Also, that lot of land situate in Chatham township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and described as follows, viz: Bounded on the north by the public road known as the Hill road to Sabinsville; on the east by lands of Samuel Walker, Sarah M. Slocum and Joseph Rankin; on the south by lands this day conveyed to William Wass by Hiram Leonard and others; and on the west by lands of Henry Cooper and Edward Faulkner; and containing thirty-six acres of land, more or less. Being the same land conveyed to Philip T. Wass by Hiram Leonard and others, by deed dated the 7th day of June, 1911, and to be recorded. Improved with a two-story framed dwelling house with kitchen attached, a framed gambrel roofed barns with sheds attached, a framed granary, a framed hog house, corn crib, and other outbuildings, some fruit and ornamental trees thereon and well watered. To be sold as the property of Philip T. Wass, suit of Elizabeth F. Channell.

LYMAN D. GOODSPEED,
Dec. 10, 1913. Sheriff.

Live Stock Wanted.

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment Dec. 20th.

LOUIS SENDRICK,
R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa.
Feb. 20, 1913-tf. Farmers' Phone 11 A.A.

Live Stock Wanted.

Highest market price paid for sheep, lambs veal calves, bologna cows and beef cattle delivered at the Wellsboro stock yards. Next shipment, Monday, Dec 22nd.

J. H. HOWE,
Tioga, Pa.
Sept. 11, 1913-tf. Farmers' Phone, 10 H.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed an Auditor by a decree of the Orphan's Court of Tioga county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Clerk of the Orphan's Court of Tioga county, as shown by the final account of Erastus C. Saxton, Administrator of the estate of Charles P. Niles, late of Middlebury township, deceased, that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of Sherwood & Oplett in Wellsboro, Pa., on SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1914, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at which time all persons interested should be required to attend and present and maintain their respective claims or be debarred from coming in upon the fund.

H. N. SHERWOOD,
Dec. 4, 1913-4t. Auditor.

JOB PRINTING, executed with neatness and dispatch at the WELLSBORO GAZETTE office.

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Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—f. o. b. Detroit, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from Wellsboro Carriage Co., Wellsboro, Pa.